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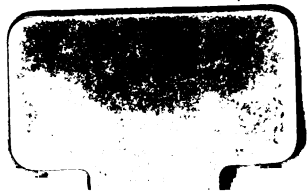
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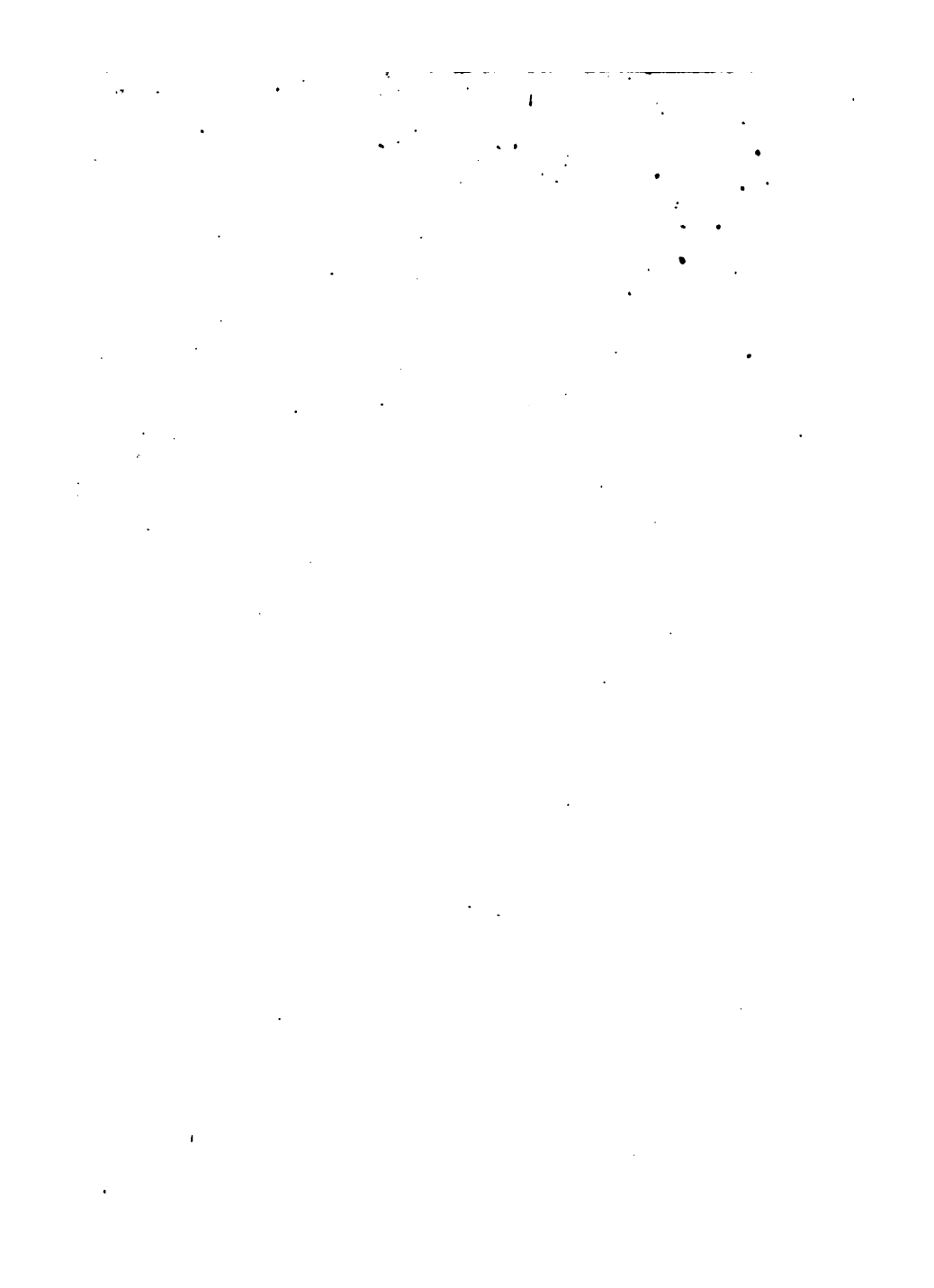
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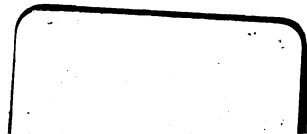
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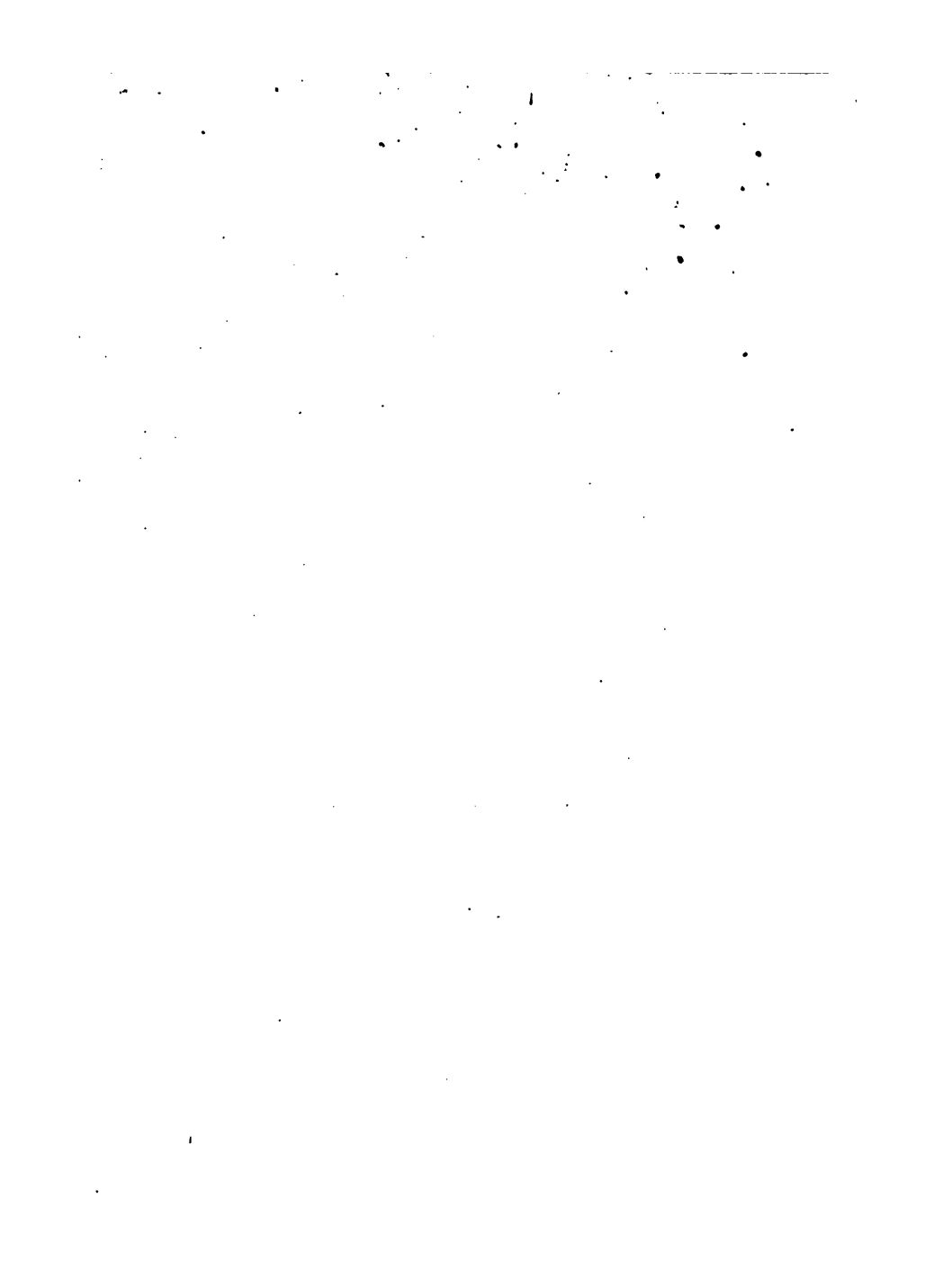
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THE BATTERSEA SERIES
OF
STANDARD READING BOOKS
FOR BOYS.

WRITTEN AND COMPILED BY
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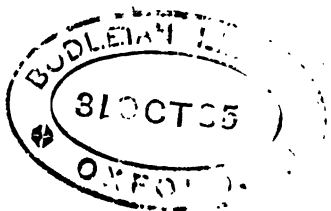
BOOK III.

FOR

STANDARD III.

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PREFACE.

THIS series of Readers is intended to follow 'The Battersea Primers,' but, being graduated in accordance with the requirements of the New Code, may be used with any Primer.

The aim of the Editor in the earlier books has been to lighten, by the attractiveness of the lessons, the labour of overcoming the mechanical difficulties in learning to read, and to give children a taste for reading. Once a child has been got to *love* reading, his progress is sure and rapid.

The later books contain much interesting and useful information, but all through the series the Editor has subordinated the communication of knowledge to the primary object of a Reader, viz., the teaching a child to read. When the difficulties of scientific lessons are superadded to the difficulties that belong to reading proper, it is not surprising that both science and reading suffer.

The plan of Books I. and II. has been to place at the head of each lesson the chief words occurring in it, and at the end a few sentences in which the words are used in fresh combinations. These combinations the teacher is recommended to multiply for himself. Young children do not derive much benefit from verbal explanations, but they readily pick up the

meaning of a word, by induction, from examples. This is, of course, the way in which they first learn to speak. In Books III. to VI. words are explained, but here also examples are given to illustrate the use of the word glossed. This is a novel feature in reading books, and the writer attaches considerable importance to it. The common defect in reading in our elementary schools is lack of intelligence. This is largely owing to the limited vocabulary of the children. They are often called upon to read an unknown language. No opportunity, therefore, should be thrown away of familiarizing their minds with the meaning of the words which occur in the books they employ.

The Editor would strongly urge upon teachers the importance of getting children to *prepare* the reading lessons. Five minutes spent in learning the hard words, by way of preparation, would save much loss of time in the progress of the lesson, and would render needless those constant interruptions by which, to the hindrance of an intelligent comprehension of the passage read, and to the great discouragement of the learner, the continuity of the reading is so frequently broken.

The Editor has to express his grateful acknowledgments to Mr. Murray, Messrs. Nelson and Sons, Messrs. Routledge, F. Buckland, Esq., and to the Proprietor of the 'British Workman' for their kindness in allowing him to make extracts from their various publications.

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STANDARD III.

LESSON I.

THE STORY OF A FARTHING.

sovereign
precious
emperor

pilgrim
ransom
prisoner

compassion
reward
sultan

IN the Mint, where sovereigns and shillings and pennies are made, a gold sovereign and a farthing that had just been finished were lying side by side, and the bright sun was shining in upon them.

All at once the sovereign said to the farthing, "Get away from me, you common thing! you are only made of copper. Before long you will be black and dirty, and nobody will like to touch you. But I am made of precious gold. I shall shortly go forth into the world and I shall pass into the hands of great lords and princes. I may even some day be placed in the crown of the emperor."

In the same room where they were talking an old tom-cat was lying on a bench by the fire. When he heard what the coin said, he stretched himself and, turning over, said to himself, "Ah, a change is good for people sometimes."

After a time the sovereign came to an old miser, who shut it up in his strong box, where it lay, dull and dirty, with numbers of others. At last the miser, feeling that he was about to die, and being unwilling that his money should pass into the hands of others, hid it in the earth, and there the proud sovereign lies till this day.

The farthing, however, went out into the world and came to high honour, and this was how it happened:—

The farthing was paid to a poor mint-boy, who took it home and gave it to his little sister because she was pleased with its brightness. The child ran with it into the garden to show it to her mother. Just then there came by a poor old beggar, who asked her for a piece of bread. "I have no bread," said the little girl, "but I will give you a farthing to buy some," and, saying this, she gave him her new farthing.

The beggar thanked her, and went with it to the baker's shop. As he stood by the door he saw a pilgrim pass by, who held out a little box into which people put money. "Where are you going to," said the beggar. "I am going many hundreds of miles," said the pilgrim; "I am going to the Holy Land to pray at the tomb of Christ and ransom my brother who is held a prisoner by the Turks. It is to set him free that I am collecting this money." "Then take my farthing, also," said the beggar, "his lot is worse than mine"; with these words he put the farthing in the pilgrim's box, and was going away, when the baker, who had heard their talk,

gave the poor beggar the bread that he had wished to buy.

Then the pilgrim wandered through many lands and crossed the sea, and at last came to the Holy Land. Without loss of time he went and prayed at the tomb of Christ, and then he went to the Sultan of the Turks to buy his brother out of prison. He offered a great sum of money, but the Sultan wanted still more. Then the pilgrim said, "I have nothing more to give you except a copper farthing which a poor beggar gave me out of pity. O, that you would have pity on me also. Take my last farthing, and may your compassion be rewarded." Then the Sultan pitied him, and set free his brother.

The Sultan put the farthing in his pocket and forgot all about it. Soon after the Emperor of Germany came to the Holy Land and fought a battle with the Sultan. In the battle an arrow was aimed at the Sultan. It struck his breast, but, very oddly, glanced off without doing him any hurt. He wondered at his escape, but when he put his hand in his pocket he found the farthing, and then he knew that the farthing had saved his life; for the arrow, after striking it, had glanced off. Then the Sultan caused the farthing to be fastened by a golden chain to the top of his sword. Soon after he was taken prisoner, and his sword, with the farthing, passed into the hands of the Emperor.

One day, when the Emperor was sitting at table after dinner, with a goblet of wine in his hand, the Empress said that she should like to see the Turkish sword which he had brought from the

Holy Land. He ordered it to be brought, but as he showed it to his wife the farthing became unfastened and dropped into the goblet of wine. The Emperor, on taking it out, noticed that it had become green. Then all exclaimed, "There is poison in the wine," and on inquiry it was found that a



wicked noble had put poison in the wine to kill the Emperor. The noble was put to death, and the farthing was placed in the Emperor's crown.

Thus had the farthing pleased a child, gained bread for a beggar, ransomed a prisoner, protected

a Sultan from a wound, and saved the life of an Emperor.

Adapted from the German.

Precious, valuable; e. g., gold and silver are precious metals.

Pilgrim, a traveller to some place considered holy; e. g., pilgrims used to go to the shrine of Becket at Canterbury.

Ransom, money paid for the release of a prisoner; e. g., King John could not raise the money for his ransom.

LESSON II.

NAILS IN THE POST.

forgetful	remind	seldom	ashamed
industrious	expressing	expected	delighted

THERE was once a farmer who had a son named John; a boy very apt to be thoughtless, and careless as to doing what he was told to do.

One day his father said to him, "John, you are so careless and forgetful, that every time you do wrong, I shall drive a nail into this post, to remind you of it, and every time you do right I will draw one out." His father did as he said he would, and every day he had one, and sometimes a great many nails to drive in, but very seldom one to draw out. At last John saw that the post was quite covered with nails, and he began to be ashamed of having so many faults: he resolved to be a better boy; and the next day he was so good and industrious that several nails came out; the day after it was the same thing, and so on for a long time, till at length

only one nail remained. His father then called him, and said: "Look, John, here is the very last nail, and now I am going to draw this out; are you glad?"

John looked at the post, and then, instead of expressing his joy as his father expected, he burst into tears. "Why," said the father, "what's the matter? I should think you would be delighted; the nails are all gone." "Yes," sobbed John, "the *nails* are gone, but the *scars* are there yet."

LESSON III.

"LOOK ALOFT!"

clamber	precipice	safety
cowardly	example	effort
misfortune	rough	aspire

THE ship boy was clambering up the high mast,
 When a glance on the deck far below him he cast;
 His head swam with fear, and thick came his breath,
 "Look aloft!" cried a sailor, and saved him from death.

So do you, boy—since up life's rough hill you must go,
 And see the steep precipice far down below,
 Pause not to gaze over it, raise up your head,
 "Look aloft, look aloft!" and in safety you'll tread.

When you find in yourself some low petty desire,
 Feel cowardly, weak, lacking strength to aspire;
 Take a noble example, don't stand still and fret,
 "Look aloft, boy, aloft!" you may grow to it yet.

When, spite of all efforts, misfortune shall come,
 Or sorrow shall darken your life or your home;
 Raise your head and your heart with hope and with prayer,
 "Look aloft, look aloft, boy!" no sorrow is there.

Clamber, to climb; e. g., we clambered over the rocks.

Precipice, a steep rock looked at from above; e. g., he fell over the precipice.

Aspire, to desire to rise; e. g., he aspired to be a great painter.

LESSON IV.

THE MONKEY AND THE BABY.

wrap	captain	distressing	descend
mischievous	soothe	accord	earnestly
climb	necessary	pleasure	preserve

MONKEYS are very fond of their own young, and the story I am going to tell you shows that they may be fond of human babies too.

A lady was on board a ship that was sailing to England, and had with her a little baby of only a few weeks old. One night she was nursing her baby, when the captain of the ship offered her his glass, that she might see a distant ship, which had just come into sight.

She wrapped her baby in her shawl and put it on the sofa, on which she had been sitting. The captain helped her to steady the glass, but, before she could look through it, she heard a sailor cry out, "See what that mischievous monkey has done."

Turning round, she saw that a large monkey, which was kept on board the ship, had caught up the child

with one of its long arms, and with the other was climbing up the rigging as fast as it could.

You may fancy the distress of the poor mother, when she saw her baby in the monkey's clutch, and



the monkey climbing higher and higher at each moment, as though he meant to get to the very top of the main-mast. She tried to speak, but the shock had taken from her the power of speech, and

when she was laid upon the deck fainting she looked like one dead.

The captain did not know what to do. If he sent a sailor up the rigging he was afraid that the monkey would drop the child in trying to escape from one mast to another; and he knew very well that if the child were dropped from that great height it would be dashed to pieces.

All at once the baby began to cry, and at first it was thought that the monkey was hurting it; but the monkey immediately began to dandle and soothe it, and hush it to sleep just as a nurse would.

By this time it had been found necessary to take the lady down into the cabin. When she came to her senses her cries were most distressing, and the sailors had to use force to prevent her from rushing up on deck and climbing the rigging herself.

All kinds of plans were tried to tempt the monkey to come down, but in vain. At last the captain thought that if the sailors went below, the monkey would come down of its own accord. So he ordered all the sailors to go below. In a few minutes he had the pleasure of seeing the monkey descend and replace the baby on the sofa from which it had been taken.

I need not tell you how pleased the poor mother was to get her baby back again, and how earnestly she thanked God for having preserved its life.

Accord, will; e. g., he did it of his own accord.

Preserve, save; e. g., we were preserved through many dangers.

Descend, come down; e. g., we ascended on one side and descended on the other.

LESSON V.

ANECDOTES OF DOGS.

determine	injury	attendant	attachment
endeavour	journey	contrary	basin
disappear	suspicion	exhausted	treasure

A FRENCH boatman, being unable to pay the dog-tax, determined to get rid of his dog, and offered him for sale. But the dog was not of a valued sort, and, as it was suffering at the time from some disease, his master failed to find a purchaser for him. He then made up his mind to drown him. So, early one morning, he tied a stone round the dog's neck, rowed him out into the middle of the river, and then threw him in.

The stone, however, was not heavy enough to sink the poor animal, which continued to swim after the boat. The boatman tried to keep him off, and in endeavouring to push him away fell overboard and disappeared. The dog then broke the string by which the stone was suspended, laid hold of his master by the collar of his coat, and brought him safely to land. What a noble example does this poor brute furnish to us of the forgiveness of injuries!

I will tell you a story of another French dog. A French merchant once set out on horseback, accompanied by his dog, to receive some money that was due to him. Having received the money, he put it in a bag and set out on his homeward journey. On the way he alighted for a short rest, taking the bag of money with him and laying it down by

his side. On remounting he forgot to take up the bag. The dog noticed this, and tried to draw his master's attention to it by barking and howling. Not succeeding in this, he tried to stop the horse by running before it, but the merchant failed to make out the dog's meaning, and began to think him mad. The merchant was confirmed in his suspicion by noticing that when they crossed a brook, the dog did not stop to drink of it, the fact being that the dog was so anxious to attract his master's attention that he forgot his own thirst.

The merchant, at last, grew so alarmed that he made up his mind to kill the dog, and, drawing a pistol from his pocket, shot it. The poor animal fell wounded, but still strove to crawl towards his master. Unable to bear the sight, the merchant rode off, with a heavy heart; but he could not get the dog out of his mind. "I would rather," said he to himself, "have lost the bag of gold than the dog." As he said this his eyes turned towards the place where he had kept the bag. It was gone. All at once the truth flashed upon his mind. He had left the bag at the place where he had alighted, and his dog had been only trying to call his attention to it. He straightway turned his horse and rode back to the spot where he had shot his faithful attendant, but the animal was nowhere to be seen. All he could see were some traces of blood along the road in the contrary direction to that by which he was returning home. Following these traces he came at last to the spot where he had alighted, and there he found the poor bleeding dog watching over the bag. In spite of his wound he had managed to

crawl back to the place where his master's treasure had been left.

When he saw the merchant he showed his joy by wagging his tail, but he could do no more. He tried to rise, but his strength was gone, and he sank down exhausted. He still tried to lick his master's hand, as though to assure him of his forgiveness, and died with his last gaze fixed upon his master.

Dogs are capable of strong attachments, that survive even the death of the persons who are the objects of them. In the year 1858 a dog was observed following the funeral of his master into the Grey-Friars churchyard, Edinburgh. The next day he was found there again. Dogs not being allowed to remain in the churchyard, he was turned out, but every morning he returned and took up his station at the grave of his old master. At last a kind-hearted tradesman who lived close by made friends with him, and got him to take up his abode with him at night. His story became known, and a handsome collar was presented to him by the Lord Provost. He was known by the name of "Grey-Friars Bobby." At his death, in 1871, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts caused a handsome granite fountain to be erected to his memory. It is provided with a basin, only a few inches above the ground, as a drinking-place for dogs, and bears a bronze plate on which Bobby's story is told. EDITOR.

Determine, make up one's mind; e. g., he determined to go.

Endeavour, strive; e. g., endeavour to do your duty.

Disappear, go out of sight; e. g., the rabbit disappeared.

Contrary, opposed to; e. g., they went in contrary directions.

Exhausted, worn out; e. g., he was exhausted by his exertions.

LESSON VI.

THE DOG AT HIS MASTER'S GRAVE.

pleasantly	control	quiver	autumn
anguish	caress	mournful	skeleton
gaunt	tombstone	mortal	struggle

“He will not come,” said the gentle child ;
 And she patted the poor dog’s head,
 And she pleasantly called him, and fondly smiled :
 But he heeded her not in his anguish wild,
 Nor arose from his lowly bed.

’Twas his master’s grave where he chose to rest—
 He guarded it night and day ;
 The love that glowed in his grateful breast,
 For the friend who had fed, controlled, caressed,
 Might never fade away.

And when the long grass rustled near,
 Beneath some hastening tread,
 He started up with quivering ear,
 For he thought ’twas the step of his master dear,
 Returning from the dead.

But sometimes, when a storm drew nigh,
 And the clouds were dark and fleet,
 He tore the turf with a mournful cry,
 As if he would force his way, or die,
 To his much-loved master’s feet.

So there, through the summer’s heat, he lay,
 Till autumn nights grew bleak,
 Till his eye grew dim with his hope’s decay,
 And he pined, and pined, and wasted away,
 A skeleton gaunt and weak.

And oft the pitying children brought
Their offerings of meat and bread,
And to coax him away to their homes they sought;
But his buried master he ne'er forgot,
Nor strayed from his lonely bed.

Cold winter came, with an angry sway,
And the snow lay deep and sore;
Then his moaning grew fainter day by day,
Till, close where the broken tombstone lay,
He fell, to rise no more.

And when he struggled with mortal pain,
And Death was by his side,
With one loud cry, that shook the plain,
He called for his master—but called in vain;
Then stretched himself, and died.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Anguish, deep distress; e. g., the poor widow was in great anguish.

Gaunt, thin, spare; e. g., his gaunt form showed that he had not had enough of food.

Control, rule, direct; e. g., I could not control his conduct.

Caress, fondle; e. g., a mother was caressing her baby.

Mortal, deadly; e. g., he received a mortal wound.

Quiver, tremble; e. g., the leaves quivered in the breeze.

Fleet, swift; e. g., he was as fleet as a greyhound.

LESSON VII.

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

neighbourhood	stomach	conceal	canoe
enormous	tremendous	harpoon	javelin
vegetable	scythe	despatch	dangerous
bushel	awkward	pursue	delicacy

OF all the ugly-looking animals in the Zoological Gardens of London the hippopotamus is certainly one of the ugliest. Its name means the river-horse, and was given it because it is generally found either in rivers or their neighbourhood, but the hippopotamus is nothing like a horse, either in its form or its habits.

Though it rarely exceeds five feet in height, it is of vast bulk, and, when full grown, will weigh, it is said, as much as four or five oxen. The head is of enormous size, and provided with a mouth of alarming width. The skin, which is of a dark colour and thinly covered with short white hairs, is, in places, nearly two inches thick. The feet are large and divided into four parts, each of which is protected by a hoof.

The hippopotamus lives entirely upon vegetable food, of which it eats vast quantities, as much as six bushels of grass having been found in its stomach. But it is not so much the amount of food which it consumes, as what it destroys, that makes the African dread its visits to the standing crops. Its body is so huge and its legs are so short that it tramples down far more than it eats. It is provided with a tremendous array of teeth, some of which

weigh from five to eight pounds. With these it cuts down the grass and shrubs on which it lives as if they were mown with a scythe.

The hippopotamus, in spite of its awkward form, is an excellent swimmer and diver, and can remain



under water for as much as ten minutes. During the first few months of its life the young hippopotamus is carried upon its mother's neck. When born it is not much larger than a terrier dog.

The hippopotamus is caught in various ways. Sometimes a number of pitfalls, having sharp stakes at the bottom, are dug across the path which

it pursues. In the darkness of the night it falls into one of these, and is impaled on the stakes. This is a very cruel mode of capture, and it is to be hoped that the natives who employ it soon put the poor animal out of its misery. It is not easy to shoot it fatally, for, once it is alarmed, it does not readily show itself. It just pushes up its nostrils above the water to take in air, often selecting for this purpose some spot where the reeds conceal its movements, and then sinks again. Sometimes the hippopotamus is harpooned like a whale. As soon as it is struck with the harpoon the hunters fasten the line round a neighbouring tree, and so hold their prey tight until it is despatched. Or, if there is no time for them to get to land, they throw the line, with a buoy attached to it, into the water. The hippopotamus is then pursued in canoes, and every time it rises to the surface it is pierced with javelins, until, at length, it dies from loss of blood. This is dangerous sport, for it sometimes turns upon the hunters and crushes in or capsizes their canoes. Once a hippopotamus, whose calf had been speared on the previous day, attacked a boat in which was Dr. Livingstone. She struck it with such violence, that the forepart was lifted clean out of the water, one of the negro boatmen was thrown into the river, and the whole crew were forced to jump ashore.

Between the skin and the flesh is a layer of fat, which is considered a great delicacy. The flesh also is very good eating. The hide is made into

shields, whips, and walking-sticks. The teeth yield a beautiful white ivory, which is much valued on account of its never losing colour.

EDITOR.

Enormous, unusually great; e. g., the elephant is an enormous animal.

Harpoon, a kind of spear, with a rope attached to it.

Despatch, to kill an animal previously wounded.

Delicacy, a dainty article of food; e. g., he was fond of delicacies.

LESSON VIII.

A NOBLE SERVANT.

relay	carriage	guests	sighing
demand	entreat	continued	distinct
musket	pistol	anxious	meanwhile
pieces	instantly	pursuit	enemies
prevail	progress	discharge	devoted

A RUSSIAN nobleman was travelling in the early part of the winter over a bleak plain. His carriage rolled up to an inn, and he demanded a relay of horses to go on. The innkeeper entreated him not to proceed, for there was danger abroad: the wolves were out.

He thought the object of the man was to keep him as a guest for the night; and saying it was too early in the season for wolves, ordered the horses to be put to. In spite of the continued warnings of the landlord, the carriage drove away with the nobleman, his wife, and their only daughter.

On the box of the carriage was a serf, who had been born on the nobleman's estate, and who loved

his master as he loved his life. They rolled on over the hardened snow, and there seemed no signs of danger. The moon began to shed her light, so that the road appeared like polished silver.

At length the little girl said to her father, "What is that strange dull sound that I just heard?" Her father replied, "Nothing but the wind sighing through the trees of the forest we have just passed."

The child shut her eyes, and was quieted for the time; but in a few minutes, with a face pale with affright, she turned to her father, and said, "Surely that was not the wind. I heard it again; did you not hear it too? Listen!" The nobleman listened; and far, far away in the distance behind him, but distinct enough in the clear, frosty air, he heard a sound of which he knew the meaning, though they did not.

He put down the glass, and, speaking to the serf, said, "I think they are after us; we must make haste; tell the post-boy to drive faster, and get your musket and pistols ready; I will do the same; we may yet escape."

The man drove faster; but the mournful howling which the child had first heard began to come nearer and nearer; and it was perfectly clear to the nobleman that a pack of wolves had got scent and were in pursuit of them.

Meanwhile he tried to calm the anxious fears of his wife and child.

At last the baying of the pack was distinctly heard, and he said to his servant, "When they come up with us, single you out the leader and fire; I

will single out the next; and as soon as one falls, the rest will stop to devour him: *that* will be some delay at least."

By this time they could see the pack fast approaching with their long measured tread, a large dog-wolf leading. They singled out two, and these fell. The pack immediately turned on their fallen comrades, and soon tore them to pieces. The taste of blood only made the others advance with more fury, and they were again soon baying at the carriage.

Again the nobleman and his servant fired, and two more fell, which were instantly devoured as before; but the next post-house was still far distant.

The nobleman then cried to the post-boy, "You must let one of the horses loose from the carriage, in order that, when the wolves come up to him, their destruction of the horse may gain us a little time."

This was done, and the horse was left on the road. In a few minutes they heard the loud agonizing shriek of the poor animal as the wolves tore him down. They urged on the remaining horses, but again their enemies were in full pursuit. A second horse was sent adrift, and shared the same fate as his fellow.

At length the servant said to his master, "I have served you since I was a child, and I love you as I love my own life; it is perfectly clear to me that we cannot all reach the post-house alive; I am quite prepared, and I ask you to let me die for you."

"No," said the master, "we will live together or die together; it must not be so."

But the entreaties of the man at length prevailed. "I shall leave my wife and children to you; you will be a father to them; you have been a father to me. When the wolves next reach us, I will jump down and do my best to arrest their progress."

The carriage rolls on as fast as the two remaining horses can drag it; the wolves are close on their track, and almost dash against the doors of the carriage. Presently is heard the discharge of the servant's pistols as he leaps from the seat. Soon the door of the post-house is reached, and the family is safe.

They went to the spot, the following morning, where the wolves had pulled the devoted servant to pieces. There now stands a large wooden cross, erected by the nobleman, with this text upon it: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

CHAMPNEYS.

Post-house, a house where travellers obtain horses.

Relay, a change; e. g., we shall require several relays of horses.

Musket, a kind of gun.

Adrift, loose; e. g., the ship was sent adrift.

Serf, a slave, who might be sold with the estate on which he lived.

Devoted, strongly attached; e. g., the child was devoted to her mother.

Entreaties, prayers, requests; e. g., her entreaties had no weight with him.

LESSON IX.

THE SPARROW'S NEST.

medley	instinct	worsted	renowned
decent	calico	compacted	scarcely
silvery	mincing	cunningly	astonished
enemies	ravellings	fashioned	aghast

NAY, only look what I have found !
 A sparrow's nest upon the ground ;
 A sparrow's nest, as you may see,
 Blown out of yonder old elm-tree.

And what a medley thing it is !
 I never saw a nest like this ;
 Not neatly wove, with decent care,
 Of silvery moss and shining hair ;

But put together, odds and ends,
 Picked up from enemies and friends :
 See, bits of thread, and bits of rag,
 Just like a little rubbish bag.

There is a scrap of red and brown,
 Like the old washerwoman's gown :
 And here is muslin, pink and green,
 And bits of calico between.

Oh, never thinks the lady fair,
 As she goes by with mincing air,
 How the pert sparrow overhead
 Has robbed her gown to make his bed.

See hair of dog, and fur of cat,
 And ravellings of a worsted mat,
 And shreds of silk and many a feather,
 Compacted cunningly together.

Well, here has hoarding been, and hiding,
 And not a little good contriving,
 Before a home of peace and ease
 Was fashioned out of things like these.

Think : had these odds and ends been brought
 To some wise man renowned for thought,
 Some man of men the very gem,
 Pray, what could he have done with them ?

If we had said, " Here, sir, we bring
 You many a little worthless thing,
 Just bits and scraps so very small
 That they have scarcely size at all ;

And out of these you must contrive
 A dwelling large enough for five,
 Neat, warm, and snug, with comfort stored,
 Where five small things may lodge and board,"—

How would the man of learning vast
 Have been astonished and aghast,
 And vowed that such a thing had been
 Ne'er heard of, thought of, much less seen !

Ah ! man of learning, you are wrong,
 Instinct is more than wisdom strong :
 And He who made the sparrow, taught
 This skill beyond your reach of thought.

MARY HOWITT.

Medley, mixed-up, miscellaneous ; e. g., I found it among the medley contents of an old drawer.

Decent, becoming, fitting.

Mincing, affected ; e. g., I do not like her mincing way of talking.

Pert, saucy ; e. g., he had a pert manner.

Ravellings, loose threads ; e. g., there are some silk ravellings on your dress.

Compacted, pressed closely ; e. g., the ball was compacted of all sorts of things.

Fashioned, made, shaped ; e. g., the bowl was fashioned out of wood.

Renowned, famous ; e. g., Solomon was renowned for wisdom.

Aghast, terrified ; e. g., on seeing the bear he looked aghast.

LESSON X.

THE LITTLE PEDLAR.

I.

FILIAL LOVE, LABOUR, AND PERSEVERANCE.

worsted	dishearten	comb	thimble
article	separate	scissors	attentive
orphanage	courage	thread	confidence
buy	laugh	brought	early

At the age of nine I had the unhappiness to see my poor mother, who had always been a sufferer, grow weaker and weaker, day by day, under my eyes. I was an only child, and I had no other support than my mother. My father was dead.

When I was eleven years old, she found herself unable to work any longer for our support. Instead of sending me out to beg, she sold some of her furniture, and bought for me with the money a little pedlar's tray, fitted up with cotton, worsted, tape, hooks and eyes, ribbons, and the cheaper articles that are usually sold at a draper's shop. She fastened the tray round my neck with a strap, and, looking at me with a tenderness which I shall never forget, said :—

“ Andrew, I can no longer work ; I do not expect to live long ; if you do not succeed in earning bread for both of us I shall be obliged to go into the poor-house, and you will have to go to an orphanage ; and the sorrow of being separated from you will hasten my end. But if you are careful and prudent, and do not waste your time in playing in the

streets, you will, perhaps, be able to sell your goods very quickly. The profits, small as they are, will support us. We need so little."

Then she explained to me the price of each article on the tray, washed my face, combed my hair, and smartened up my poor clothes that I might look respectable. She kissed me to give me courage, and offered up a short prayer to God, asking Him to protect me. I set out, with my little shop round my neck.

The first hour I was out I sold nothing, and I was very much disheartened. Some children of my own age wanted me to put my tray down in a corner and join them in a game of marbles; but I was on my guard. "No, no," said I to them, "my mother has forbidden me. I am a pedlar, and I have no time to play."

As I said these words, a lady who was passing by heard me, and said, "What is it that you sell, my little man?"

"Thread, needles, scissors, thimbles, ma'am," said I, showing her the articles on my little tray.

She stopped, and after looking at me very attentively, she bought a shilling's worth of small articles.

This first sale seemed to bring me good luck. It gave me confidence. I had more courage to offer my goods for sale; and when people wanted to buy them at too low a price, I said smartly, "Come, ma'am, you must leave some profit to the little pedlar, if you wish him to have the means of buying his dinner."

I tried to smile in the midst of my distress, for my mother had told me I was not to cry.

I followed her directions to the letter, and before night I had the good fortune to sell all my goods. More than that, I had been given here and there some pieces of bread, on which I had made my day's meals. I returned home delighted.

My mother kissed me, laughing and weeping at the same time. She had spent five shillings in buying the goods for me to sell, and I had brought back to her seven shillings, so that I had gained two shillings by my day's work.

"Dear mother," said I, "if you please, we will buy some new goods to-night, so that I may set out earlier to-morrow morning. Then I shall finish earlier, and when I come back home I can go on any errands for you and look after you. You will see how happy we shall be."

She approved of my proposal, and we spent the rest of the evening in going to different shops to buy goods. I had noticed the articles which sold the best, and we made a large selection of them. Instead of buying only five shillings' worth, we laid out the whole seven.

"There is still a bit of bread in the house for me," said my mother, "and if you can sell to-morrow these seven shillings' worth of goods and bring me ten home, we shall have gained altogether as much as we laid out at first."

"Yes, yes, dear mother," said I, "I will sell all, you will see."

(Continued, p. 33.)

Orphanage, a place where orphans are brought up.

Selection, choice; e. g., he made a very good selection.

LESSON XI.

THE ELEPHANT.

squirt	extension	layer	scarcely
curious	nostrils	weapon	visible
stomach	satisfied	constantly	injury

THERE are two kinds of elephants, one found in Asia and one in Africa. The elephants of Africa have very large ears, hanging below their necks, but those of Asia have much smaller ears.

Elephants live in herds in thick forests, and generally near some stream. How do you think the elephant drinks? He first fills his trunk by drawing water up into it. Then he turns it so as to get the end of it into his mouth, and squirts the water down his throat.

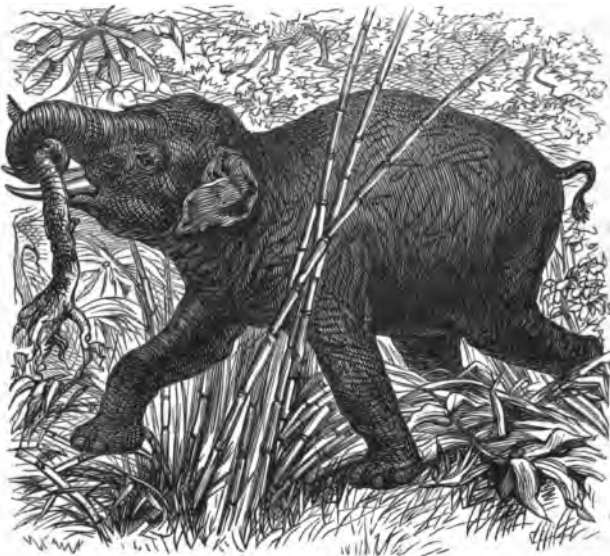
But what is more curious still is the way in which he can get the water back again. If the weather is very hot and he wants to cool his back, he puts his trunk into his mouth, draws the water which he has swallowed out of his stomach, and scatters it over his back.

The trunk is really an extension of the nose of the elephant, and the nostrils run right through it. At its end is a little tip like a finger, by the help of which an elephant can pick up the smallest object.

The trunk is so made that the elephant can shorten it, lengthen it, twist it, raise it, or coil it, just as he likes. One day I saw a little boy feeding an elephant with some cakes. He had the cakes in a paper bag in his hand. The elephant was not

satisfied with the small pieces which the boy gave him, so he watched until the boy was not looking. Then he caught hold of the paper bag with his trunk and swallowed the whole of the cakes, bag and all.

The elephant could do very little without his trunk, for his neck is too short to allow him to



graze, and even if he could get his head down to the ground his tusks would be in his way. Neither could he drink unless he had his trunk to draw up water with which to fill his mouth.

The tusks often reach the length of six feet, and sometimes weigh more than one hundred and fifty pounds, which is much more than a little boy could

carry. These tusks are composed of ivory, which is formed in thin layers from within. They are used as weapons of defence, for upturning trees and roots, and, in the case of tame elephants, for carrying burdens.

Now you will see why the elephant has such a short neck and such a large head. He could not support his great tusks or move his huge trunk unless he had a large head; and he could not support his large head unless he had a short neck. You will also see why he has such short, stout legs. An African elephant often weighs six tons. The skin of one weighed a ton.

The only teeth the elephant has are grinders, and very large grinders they are. These teeth, from being constantly used in grinding the food down to pulp, soon wear out, and are replaced by others again and again. We have only two sets of teeth, but elephants have six or seven.

The legs of the elephant are very stout and straight, and the hind legs have no knee-joint. They have five toes on each foot, so buried in skin as to be scarcely visible. The hoof is composed of a number of horny plates, which protect the foot from injury when the animal puts it to the ground.

Elephants live on vegetable food, such as herbage, the leaves and twigs of trees, and juicy roots.

EDITOR.

Weapon, an instrument of war; e. g., swords, rifles, bows, and arrows.

Visible, capable of being seen; e. g., the stars are not visible by day.

Injury, harm; e. g., I hope he received no injury.

LESSON XII.

THE DOG OF ST. BERNARD'S.

THEY tell that on St. Bernard's mount,
Where holy monks abide,
Still mindful of misfortune's claim,
Though dead to all beside ;

The weary, way-worn traveller
Oft sinks beneath the snow ;
For, where his faltering steps to bend,
No track is left to show.

'Twas here, bewildered and alone,
A stranger roamed at night ;
His heart was heavy as his tread,
His scrip alone was light.

Onward he pressed, yet, many an hour
He had not tasted food ;
And many an hour he had not known
Which way his footsteps trod ;

And if the convent's bell had rung
To hail the pilgrim near,
It still had rung in vain for him—
He was too far to hear ;

And should the morning light disclose
Its towers amid the snow,
To him 'twould be a mournful sight—
He had not strength to go.

Valour could arm no mortal man
That night to meet the storm—
No glow of pity could have kept
A human bosom warm.

But obedience to a master's will
Had taught the dog to roam,
And through the terrors of the waste,
To fetch the wanderer home.

And if it be too much to say
That pity gave him speed,
'Tis sure he not unwillingly
Performed the generous deed.

For now he listens—and anon
He scents the distant breeze,
And casts a keen and anxious look
On every speck he sees.

And now deceived he darts along,
As if he trod the air—
Then disappointed, droops his head
With more than human care.

He never loiters by the way,
Nor lays him down to rest,
Nor seeks a refuge from the shower
That pelts his generous breast.

And surely 'tis not less than joy
That makes it throb so fast,
When he sees, extended on the snow,
The wanderer found at last.

'Tis surely he—he saw him move,
And at the joyful sight
He tossed his head with a prouder air,
His fierce eye grew more bright ;

Eager emotion swelled his breast
To tell his generous tale—
And he raised his voice to its loudest tone
To bid the wanderer hail.

The pilgrim heard—he raised his head,
And beheld the shaggy form—
With sudden fear, he seized the gun
That rested on his arm ;

“ Ha! art thou come to rend alive
 What dead thou mightst devour?
 And does thy savage fury grudge
 My one remaining hour?”

Fear gave him back his wasted strength,
 He took his aim too well—
 The bullet bore the message home—
 The injured mastiff fell.

His eyes were dimmed, his voice was still,
 And he tossed his head no more—
 But his heart, though it ceased to throb with joy,
 Was generous as before!

For round his willing neck he bore
 A store of needful food,
 That might support the traveller's strength
 On the yet remaining road.

Enough of parting life remained
 His errand to fulfil—
 One painful, dying effort more
 Might save the traveller still.

So he heeded not his aching wound,
 But crawled to the traveller's side,
 Marked with a look the way he came,
 Then shuddered, groaned, and died!

MISS FRY.

Still mindful means ever mindful.

Way-worn, tired out with the long way.

Scrip, a bag for carrying food in.

Bewildered, confused; e. g., he was bewildered by the darkness.

Convent, a place where monks or nuns live. The convent of St.

Bernard's is occupied by monks. It stands at the summit of a
 pass over the Alps between Switzerland and Italy.

Hail, welcome.

Valour, courage; e. g., the soldier showed great valour.

Anon, directly after; e. g., we will speak of this anon.

Emotion, feeling; e. g., he spoke with great emotion.

Rend, tear asunder; e. g., he rent his garments.

LESSON XIII.

THE LITTLE PEDLAR.

II.

THE SNARE OF GAMBLING.

fortunate	ague	agreeable	excellent
minute	delicious	avoid	prosperity
orange	business	purchase	obstinate
sugar	excitement	income	knock
people	torrent	jealous	cough

WHETHER it was that I was a born pedlar, or that I was fortunate, I cannot say, but I came back with my tray empty, and when we counted my takings we found that I had two-pence more than the ten shillings which my mother had desired.

“You are a good little boy, Andrew,” she said to me, “I see that you do not lose a minute in playing. I wish to reward you. Keep this two-pence for yourself and buy what you like with it.”

“Thank you, dear mother,” said I, “I will go at once and buy you some oranges and some brown sugar with it. You have the ague every night, and I heard a lady, to whom I sold some needles, say this very day that orange-water was refreshing and good for ague.”

Before my mother had time to reply I was gone. My orange-water seemed to her delicious, and in the morning she told me that she had never passed a better night.

During the first month my little business went on prospering. The more I went out, the more skilful

I grew in getting people to buy. Instead of offering my goods as if I were a beggar, or talking nonsense like the cheap-jacks, I tried to be very polite and agreeable.

I took careful note of what people said of my goods, and I avoided purchasing any goods that I found were not liked. One day when I had finished my sales rather early, I was passing by a great hotel out of which a number of people were constantly coming. I very politely offered my services to them. I did what they wanted; and, as I did not charge them too much and did very willingly whatever I was asked, they took a liking for me. I was in this way enabled to increase our little income. Everything went on excellently with me; the weather was favourable to me; the days were fine, and as I was all day in the open air I was the picture of health.

Unfortunately there is no lasting prosperity in life, and I soon learnt some of the vexations of my trade. The rain set in, obstinate rain, which seemed as if it would never cease. Sometimes it came down in torrents; sometimes it was so small that you could scarcely see a drop, and yet so close that it wetted me through to the skin. There was nobody in the streets; and when I knocked at the doors the servants, angry at being disturbed, sent me away. My goods were injured by the damp, and my little tray that looked so tempting in the sunshine, looked unattractive in the wet, and discouraged purchasers from buying of me.

I was out of all heart at having sold nothing, and I hung about the hotel in the hope of getting some

odd job to do; but the regular errand-bearers, who had seen how fond the people of the hotel had grown of me, grew jealous of me, and made fun of me to drive me off, sometimes even threatening to beat me. I was very sad. I thought that, if this state of things continued long, my dear mother would be forced to go into the poor-house. She coughed without ceasing, could not eat, and had a slow fever which seemed to be sapping her strength.

One day as I was sadly thinking about all this under the shelter of an inn-gateway, I saw inside a yard some boys of about fourteen or fifteen years of age, who were playing at "pitch and toss."

There was one young lad, who, without appearing to be very clever, had nevertheless the good fortune to win each time. For half-an-hour I watched them playing, when he who had been gaining all the time went away. He counted his winnings as he passed by me, and I heard him say, "Two shillings won. Bravo! That will do very nicely. Luck is on my side to-day."

And he passed on.

Immediately the idea came into my head that I would join the players, and play and win also; for I had no doubt that I should win. "Besides," said I to myself, "I shall only risk a few pence; if I lose, I shall leave off in good time; and if I gain, my winnings will make up for the bad luck I have had this last week."

Without another thought, and in spite of all my mother's warnings about the dangers of gambling, I risked two-pence for a beginning, and I won, I

doubled my bet, and I won again. Then I lost, and I kept on playing in the hope of recovering what I had lost. This went on for a long time, but I lost each time.

An unusual excitement took possession of me. I hoped all along that one lucky chance would compensate me for my loss, and I kept on asking that the game should go on. I only stopped when I found my pocket empty. Not only so, I owed three-pence to my adversary. As I was not able to pay him in money I offered to give him a knife, which he should choose off my tray. He agreed, and I rushed out to look for my tray which I had left in the doorway. It was in vain. The tray had disappeared.

I asked everybody what had become of it. Nobody knew anything about it. It had been stolen while I was playing. I suspected everybody. That of course soon got me into difficulties. The boy to whom I owed the three-pence ill-treated me and called me a thief. The innkeeper, hearing the noise, threatened us with the police, and turned us all out.

The rain was falling all the time, but I dared not go back home. I squatted under a porch, and, hiding my head in the corner of it, I burst into tears. How I reproached myself! How blameworthy I thought my folly and my disobedience!

Fortunate, lucky ; e. g., he was very fortunate in his business.

Prosperity, success ; e. g., honesty leads to prosperity.

Ague, a sickness accompanied with shivering.

Income, profits ; e. g., his income came to about a hundred pounds.

Compensate, make up for ; e. g., I compensated his loss.

LESSON XIV.

THE LITTLE PEDLAR.

III.

THE CONSEQUENCES OF A FAULT.

threshold	source	necessary	privations
accident	approaching	temptation	resigned
excited	steadfastness	sufficient	accustom
serious	character	perseverance	disobedience

WHILE I was lamenting over my fault night had come. It was time for me to think of returning home. The distress which my mother would feel, if I stopped out late, gave me courage.

When I arrived I found her in tears, braving the rain, and standing on the threshold of the door, to see if there were any signs of my return. She thought that I must have met with some accident; and her over-excited mind pictured a thousand dreadful events that might have happened to me.

I told her with perfect frankness the whole of what had happened. Her sobs almost drowned my story.

“My child,” said she to me, “this loss is, indeed, a very serious one for us, and I do not know what we shall do; but that saddens me less than to think how much this peddling trade exposes you to bad habits and low vices. My health leaves me little hope of watching over you for very long. What will become of you when I shall be no more in this world, if you allow yourself to be so easily led to do

actions that I have forbidden? Ah, my dear Andrew, you could do nothing that would so darken the last days of my life. Up till now you were a source of comfort to me; your good conduct threw sweetness even into the thought of my approaching



death. I believed that I could count with certainty on the steadfastness of your character. I said to myself, When I shall be no more at his side he will obey me still, just as he does now. Now," added she, with a choking voice, "all is ended. I shall no more have confidence."

She stopped. I was broken-hearted. On my knees before her I took her hand in mine, and, covering it with tears and kisses, I said, "I promise you, by the love I bear you, that I will never more disobey you. Do not cry, my darling mother, do not cry, I entreat you. I will renew my promise, if you wish it, every night and every morning."

I went to bed very sad. On the morrow, it was necessary to get credit for the goods which we purchased at the warehouse where we used to deal, and to sell some clothes to buy a new tray and a strap for me.

My mother made no complaint at this hard necessity; but when she asked for credit, I felt her arm trembling under mine, for fear she should be refused. She leaned upon me like some one who suddenly feels ill. It was the hardest punishment I had to bear.

My mother put the strap of my new tray round my neck as she did the first time.

"Andrew," she said to me, "if you have not enough strength to resist the temptations to which you are exposed, give up this trade and take to something else. It would be far better."

I begged her to have confidence in me, and I set out. But God doubtless willed that the lesson which I had to learn should be sufficiently severe to prevent me from ever forgetting it. My sorrows were not ended. In spite of my efforts, in spite of all my perseverance, I could sell only a shilling's worth of goods in three days.

What was still worse, the cough of my mother

had grown much worse since the night when she had waited for me out in the rain on the doorstep; and the anxiety she was in about our business increased her fever. For want of money she underwent greater privations than ever. I heard her speak of the poor-house with a resigned tone, as though she wished to accustom me beforehand to the idea of separation.

I do not believe that it is possible for anybody to suffer more than I suffered in those few days. One afternoon, after having vainly knocked at door after door to offer my goods, I had got out into the open country, seeking some place where I could have a good cry unseen. When I had got completely away from the last outskirts of the city, I sat down on the side of a ditch, turning my back to the highway, and, with my head in my hands, I began to pray to God, sobbing so bitterly all the time, that I forgot everything around me.

"O God," said I to myself, "come and help me, not for my sake, for I do not deserve it, but for the sake of my dear mother who is so good, and whom I love so dearly. I cannot bear to see her dying with misery and for my fault. I have been punished for my folly and my disobedience ever since I have seen her suffer so much. Come to my aid. Tell me what I ought to do to earn something with which to provide for her needs. It is not for my own sake that I would wish to take back some money to her to-night after my day's work. No, no, it is for her only, that I may be able to take care of her and to make her well."

As I finished this prayer, which sprang from the depth of my heart, I began to sob louder than ever.

(Continued p. 43.)

Privations, wants ; e. g., the poor endure great privations.

Accustom, grow used to ; e. g., he was accustomed to rise early.

Resigned, submissive ; e. g., he was resigned to his fate.

LESSON XV.

THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL.

trumpeter	tenants	gnat	fatigued
revels	amusement	relations	mushroom
smooth-shaven	emmet	dragon-fly	viands
diversion	dexterity	plumage	squirrel
majestic	minuet	haunch	talons

COME take up your hats, and away let us haste
To the butterfly's ball and the grasshopper's feast ;
The trumpeter gadfly has summon'd the crew,
And the revels are now only waiting for you.

On the smooth-shaven grass by the side of the wood,
Beneath a broad oak that for ages has stood,
See the children of earth and the tenants of air
For an evening's amusement together repair.

And there came the beetle, so blind and so black,
Who carried the emmet, his friend, on his back ;
And there was the gnat and the dragonfly too,
With all their relations, green, orange, and blue.

And there came the moth, in his plumage of down,
And the hornet, with jacket of yellow and brown,
Who with him the wasp, his companion, did bring ;
But they promised that evening to lay by their sting.

And the little sly dormouse crept out of his hole,
And led to the feast his blind brother the mole ;
And the snail, with his horns peeping out from his shell,
Came, fatigued by the distance,—the length of an ell.

A mushroom their table, and on it was laid
A water-dock leaf, which a tablecloth made ;
The viands were various, to suit each one's taste,
And the bee brought his honey to crown the repast.

There, close on his haunches, so solemn and wise,
The frog from a corner look'd up to the skies ;
And the squirrel, well pleased such diversion to see,
Sat cracking his nuts overhead in the tree.

Then out came the spider with fingers so fine,
To show his dexterity on the tight line ;
From one branch to another his cobwebs he slung,
Then as quick as an arrow he darted along,

But just in the middle, oh ! shocking to tell !
From his rope in an instant poor Harlequin fell ;
Yet he touch'd not the ground, but with talons outspread
Hung suspended in air at the end of a thread.

Then the grasshopper came with a jerk and a spring ;
Very long was his leg, though but short was his wing ;
He took but three leaps and was soon out of sight,
Then chirped his own praises the rest of the night.

With step so majestic the snail did advance,
And promised the gazers a minuet to dance ;
But they all laughed so loud that he pull'd in his head,
And went to his own little chamber to bed.

Then as evening gave way to the shadows of night,
Their watchman, the glowworm, came out with his light ;

Then home let us hasten, while yet we can see,
For no watchman is waiting for you and for me.

W. ROSCOE.

Revels, festivities; e. g., they kept up the revels till a late hour.

Smooth-shaven, close-cut; e. g., there was a smooth-shaven lawn
in front of the house.

Diversion, amusement; e. g., all sorts of diversions were provided
for the children.

Majestic, grand, noble; e. g., it was a majestic sight.

Tenants, occupants; e. g., who is the tenant of this house?

Emmet, an ant.

Dexterity, smartness; e. g., the conjuror showed great dexterity.

Minuet, a kind of dance.

Viands, articles of food; e. g., the table was covered with viands.

LESSON XVI.

THE LITTLE PEDLAR.

IV.

QUALITIES REQUIRED BY A GOOD BUSINESS MAN.

features	candour	overwhelmed	quality
sympathy	consequence	answer	deceive
seized	remorse	appearance	indebted
assure	excellence	conscientious	sovereign

I DO not know how long I was there, when a hand
rested on my shoulder.

“Come, come, my boy,” said a voice, “what has
happened to you that you should be weeping thus?”

I raised my head suddenly, and saw near me a
gentleman with a somewhat cold and severe face.
In spite of that, I felt so strong a need to pour out

my sorrow, that I could not refrain from replying to him :

“ Oh! sir, I am very unfortunate ; mother will die, I am sure, and it is I who have killed her.” And I began to weep again.

The gentleman, without relaxing his cold features, took me by the hand. “ Come out of that ditch,” said he, “ and let us return to the city together.



You can tell me your story as we go along. I am in a hurry, and I have not time to spend an hour in listening to you here.”

In spite of the hardness of his words and face, his voice was so full of sympathy, that I felt myself

seized with a sudden confidence in him. I got up at once and followed him.

"I am a doctor," said he, "and, as your mother is ill, I will call upon her and see what is the matter with her. Meantime tell me why you are crying."

I told him my story from beginning to end, informing him what sad consequences had followed from my misconduct, and with what remorse I was overwhelmed. He scolded me severely, and declared that to gamble for money was a very disgraceful thing. At the same time he questioned me about my mother's illness, and from my answers he seemed to gather what was the matter with her.

At the moment when I got home, he glanced at my tray, tore a leaf out of his pocket-book, wrote a few lines on it in pencil, and told me to take it to his house and wait for an answer.

I ran there as fast as I could. A young lady came to see me. It was the doctor's wife. She looked attentively at all the objects which I had to sell, and asked me what they had cost and what I sold them for. When I had answered her questions, she said, "My child, you cannot sell very much. The articles which you have on your tray are all of very poor quality; they have a grand appearance, but that is all; they are the refuse of the shops. And yet you pay dearly for them. You are then forced to sell dearly. But people who buy from you once or twice are certain not to buy from you again. To have a good circle of customers you must not deceive those who buy of you."

"That is quite true, ma'am," said I, "but I am too

young to know the real value of things, and my dear mother, who understands these things better than I do, is scarcely bold enough to speak her mind when we go to the great shops to buy goods."

"My child," she replied, "my husband is interested in you because you love your mother. He asks me to help you. I will give you some advice, therefore, which I believe good. You must get rid of the articles which you have on your tray at cost price, without troubling to get any profit on them. Meantime, in order that you may repay the tradesman to whom you are indebted for them, I will give you a letter addressed to two merchants whom I know. They will advance you ten shillings' worth of good and solid articles.

When you have something to sell worth buying, people who have bought of you once will buy of you again. You can also assure purchasers of the excellence of your goods without being afraid of being looked on as a quack. I will give you the address of some of my friends who will, I am sure, buy of you willingly."

I thanked the lady very heartily, and told her how happy I should be to follow her advice.

"You will find, my child," she said, "that if you are conscientious in your business you will get on; but if your tray is only furnished with inferior articles, people will not look upon you as an honest peddler, but as a sort of little vagabond. It is a kind of beggary under the disguise of trade to sell bad goods. You would lose through it both your own self-esteem and the esteem of others."

As she finished these words the young lady took a pen and wrote the letters which she had promised me. Then, seeking in her purse, she gave me a half-sovereign, and said, "It is not an alms which I give you, my boy; it is merely an advance of money, until your labour has enabled you to make good the losses you have sustained by your folly and inexperience. Your mother, who is ill, ought not to be in want of anything. Take then this half-sovereign. When you are able to repay it you will bring it back to me, in order that I may help those who are poorer than you are. If you do not return it to me, it is not to me that you will do a wrong, but to those unfortunate people who are in need of help. This half-sovereign is taken from a sum kept entirely for the help of the poor."

I knew not how to express my gratitude to this lady. She saw my confusion. "Come," she said, gaily, "you have something else to do besides thanking me. Run quick about your business, my little man."

Sympathy, compassion; e. g., she showed me great sympathy in my trouble.

Conscientious, accustomed to do what is right in obedience to conscience.

Refuse, something thrown away as useless.

LESSON XVII.

THE LITTLE PEDLAR.

V.

LABOUR RAISES US IN OUR OWN EYES.

declare	satisfied	future	tongue
pleasant	promise	guard	excellence
merchant	successful	counsel	reasonable
improvement	devotion	eighteen	carriage
neighbourhood	providence	business	customer

ON leaving the doctor's wife I began to run, in order to get home as soon as possible. I wanted to console my dear mother, and I was overjoyed at the unexpected help which had come to us. All the way along I kept on saying inwardly to myself, "O God, how good Thou art! how I thank Thee for having heard my prayer! I will strive to become more worthy of Thy goodness."

When I reached home I found my mother quite bright. "The doctor whom you sent to me, Andrew," she said, "declares that I may get better. It will be a long time, but with care I shall recover."

I leaped with joy round the neck of my mother, and told her my own hopes also.

We passed the evening pleasantly in going to the merchants for whom I had letters. On the morrow, furnished with new purchases, I began the day quite early. The friends of the doctor's wife all bought something of me, and promised me, if they were satisfied, to keep their custom for me.

The day was very successful. As I was sure of the value of the articles which I sold, I insisted on getting their full price with more firmness.

I tried to see the people to whom I had sold in the first place, and I made the best excuses I could to them, explaining that in future I would serve them better. I saw clearly then the truth of what the doctor's wife had told me. They had been dissatisfied with the goods they had bought of me, and they had made up their mind to be on their guard against me in future.

The counsel which had been given me completely changed my future. I relied no more upon my winning ways and my sharp tongue to get persons to buy of me. I depended entirely on the excellence of the goods which I sold, and on the reasonable price which I asked for them. I saw clearly that by taking my goods to people's houses I had a great advantage over the shopkeepers in the city. I felt that I was really of use to my fellow-beings, and I was proud of my independent position.

The treatment of the doctor soon enabled my dear mother to recover much of her strength. Without being entirely recovered, she was much better. She profited by this improvement in her health, and by the gains which my little business was bringing in, to make up for me a complete outfit of clothes. I scolded her for troubling so much about me.

"When you have all you want," said she, "my turn will come."

At night she got me to read. When I could read

easily she sent me to take lessons in writing for one hour every evening with a schoolmaster.

I at first objected, because of the expense, but she said, "Never mind about that, Andrew; I have settled the matter with the schoolmaster. I will set apart one day every week to wash and mend for him, in payment for the lessons which he will give you."

Thanks to this untiring devotion of my dear mother, who thought only of me, I attended lessons regularly for eighteen months. I applied myself to learn with great zeal. I had always a book, a slate, and a pencil on my tray, and when a shower forced me to take refuge somewhere, instead of playing I got out my book and learnt a lesson, or else I took up my slate and did some sums and some writing.

When I had reached the age of sixteen we had put some money aside, and I was become sufficiently strong to exchange my pedlar's tray for a little shop on wheels, in the form of a carriage, which I pushed before me. It was no longer a simple trayful of goods, worth a dozen shillings or so, that I carried about, but a complete little shop, containing more than five pounds' worth of goods. I was known in all the villages of the neighbourhood, and I had a good circle of customers. Later still my business had increased so much that my mother insisted on my getting a little donkey to drag my carriage about. Thanks to this help, I was able to increase my business still more. At the same time my mother had rented a shop where she could carry on a little business herself.

It was in this way that, little by little, I increased my business, thanks to the good advice of my dear mother, and to that of the excellent doctor and his wife, who continued to be my friends.

At length, from one step to another, I rose to the direction of the house of business of which I am now a partner.

How many times, since the time of which I have been speaking, have I not blessed Providence for the severe lesson which I learned on that day, when I gambled, for the first and last time in my life, and lost all that I possessed! Who knows what would have become of me, without that lesson, at this very moment!

Adapted from the French.

Devotion, intense love; e. g., his devotion to his mother was delightful to see.

Providence, care for the future: e. g., his providence when he was well off enabled him to live comfortably in his old age.

Counsel, advice; e. g., listen to those who give you good counsel.

LESSON XVIII.

THE WIND IN A FROLIC.

frolic	merciless	thievish	salute
galloping	gingerbread	blustering	capering
commotion	trundle	matronly	whisk
whisking	urchins	unusual	hustle
sturdy	monster	alarm	midsummer

The wind one morning sprang up from sleep,
 Saying, "Now for a frolic! now for a leap!
 Now for a mad-cap galloping chase!
 I'll make a commotion in every place!"

So it swept with a bustle right through a great town,
 Cracking the signs and scattering down
 Shutters; and whisking, with merciless squalls,
 Old women's bonnets and gingerbread stalls.
 There never was heard a lustier shout,
 As the apples and oranges tumbled about;
 And the urchins there lurking with thievish eyes
 For ever on watch, ran off each with a prize.
 Then away to the field it went, blustering and humming,
 And the cattle all wondered what danger was coming.
 It plucked by the tails the grave matronly cows,
 And tossed the colts' manes all over their brows;
 Till, offended at such an unusual salute,
 They all turned their backs, and stood sulky and mute.
 So on it went capering and playing its pranks,
 Whistling with reeds on the broad river's banks;
 Puffing the birds as they sat on the spray,
 Or the traveller gay on the king's highway.
 It was not too nice to hustle the bags
 Of the beggar, and flutter his dirty rags;
 'Twas so bold that it feared not to play its joke
 With the doctor's wig or the gentleman's cloak.
 Through the forest it roared, and cried gaily, "Now,
 You sturdy old oaks, I'll make you bow!"
 And it made them bow without more ado,
 Or it cracked their great branches through and through.
 Then it rushed like a monster on cottage and farm,
 Striking their inmates with sudden alarm;
 And the folks fled like bees in a midsummer swarm.

Frolic, a wild prank; e. g., the children were full of fun and frolic.

Commotion, disturbance; e. g., the whole town was in commotion.

Whisk, carry off lightly; e. g., he whisked off the fly with his handkerchief.

Urchins, mischievous street-boys.

Matronly, looking grave and steady, like matrons.

Hustle, rub up against; e. g., I was hustled by the crowd.

LESSON XIX.

THE MOLE.

gentleman	knock	enough	troublesome
shove	family	allow	plantations
savage	believe	accident	scythe

"FATHER, what is it makes those little heaps of earth which I see in the fields?" said Frank Brown to his father; "they do not look as if a man had made them."

"I will tell you, my boy," said his father; "they are made by a curious little creature called a mole." "O, do tell me about him," said Frank; "I love to hear about animals."

"Well," said his father, "the best way to learn something about an animal is, as a rule, to look at it and watch it for yourself. You are not likely, however, to see a live mole, much less to watch it, because moles live underground, and only come to the surface for hay and leaves to make their nest of. But we may find a dead mole. I see some traps have been set for them. Yes, there is a mole by the hedge, hanging in the air."

Frank ran to look at it, and cried out, "O, what a sharp snout it has! And what a soft, black, velvety fur it has!" "Yes," said his father, "country people sometimes call it, in fun, the little gentleman in black. Do you see what curious fore-paws it has? They are more like hands than feet, and serve the purpose of a pickaxe and shovel. You see that they are placed sideways to enable him to scoop out

passages underground, and throw the earth behind him."

"What sort of a nest has the mole?" said Frank. "Its nest is made of moss and dry grass and leaves," said his father, "and lies under a little dome-shaped castle, which has two galleries running round it, connected by five little passages. The inner chamber is connected with the upper gallery by three similar passages, and with passages that run out in various directions from the lower gallery."

"Why the mole is a thorough miner," said Frank, "but I do not see now how he makes these little heaps." "Well," said his father, "I will tell you. As he digs these passages he must get rid of the earth which he scoops out, so every here and there he throws up the earth which is in his way."

"What do moles live on?" said Frank. "They live," replied his father, "on worms and grubs and other creatures found in the ground. They are very savage, and often fight with each other. You would be surprised to know how fast they can run in their dark passages underground. I will tell you how a gentleman once found out the speed at which they run. He stuck a straw in every mole-hill that he found, and then blew a horn close by one of the openings. In an instant the straws fell down one after the other. The mole, as he ran off frightened to his castle, had knocked them down one after the other. In this way the gentleman found that the mole can run as fast as a horse can trot."

"Here is John the mole-catcher. Let us ask him some questions about moles. Are moles always black, John?"

"No, sir, I sometimes find a whole family of white ones; but they are mostly black. There is one odd thing about their fur, sir, which, perhaps, you never noticed. Their fur stands straight out. It does not lean either backwards or forwards, so that the mole can go backwards or forwards without ruffling it."

"Can moles swim, John?"

"Yes, sir, they will sometimes swim across a river, and I have no doubt that they have sometimes to swim in their own runs when the water gets into them."

"What do moles do for water when the weather is dry?"

"Well, you would not believe it, perhaps, sir, but they dig wells. I have often seen deep holes in their runs with water at the bottom. The sides of the holes were smooth and hard, and just large enough to allow the mole to get down to the water."

"Did you ever hear, John, that the mole has only one drop of blood in his body, and that if it loses that it dies at once?"

"Yes, sir, I have heard it, and I have heard a good many other stories, but there is not much truth in some of them; I have seen moles with a good many drops of blood in them, and as for their dying when they lose a drop of blood, it is all nonsense. I knew a man who was digging in his garden, and by accident chopped off a mole's foot underground. He found the foot covered with blood, but the poor mole had escaped. About six or seven months after a mole was caught in a trap close by the same place. It had lost one of its feet, but the stump

had healed up and was quite sound. There can be no doubt, sir, that it was the same mole that had lost its foot. So you see he did not die, sir, from the loss of a single drop of blood."

"Why do you kill the moles, John?"

"Well, you see, sir, they are very troublesome. They cut through the roots of the young trees in the plantations, and in the meadows the mole-hills get in the way of the mowers and spoil their scythes. Some people say they are useful, because they eat the snails and worms and insects, and throw up to the surface the rich soil from below. I think myself sometimes that they must be useful, or else God would not have made them. Perhaps, it would be better to scatter the mole-hills and leave the moles alone. Although I am a mole-catcher, and must have killed forty or fifty thousand of them in my time, I often feel sorry when I see them dangling in a trap."

EDITOR.

Dome, a roof shaped like a basin turned upside down.

Plantation, a piece of land planted with trees.

Scythe, a sharp instrument used for cutting grass.

LESSON XX.

THE SHE BEAR AND HER CUBS.

mast-head	approach	mortal	piteous
notice	unconsumed	affection	exceeding
entice	voraciously	expiring	resentment
blubber	endeavour	severely	volley

"EARLY in the morning the man at the mast-head gave notice that three bears were making their way

very fast over the ice, and directing their course toward the ship. They had probably been enticed by the blubber of a sea-horse which the men had set on fire, and which was burning on the ice at the time of their approach.

“They proved to be a she bear and her two cubs ; but the cubs were nearly as large as the dam. They



ran eagerly to the fire, and drew out from the flames part of the flesh of the sea-horse, which remained unconsumed, and ate it voraciously.

“The crew from the ship threw upon the ice great pieces of the flesh, which they had still left. These

the old bear carried away singly, laid them before her cubs, and, dividing them, gave each a share, keeping but a small portion for herself. As she was carrying away the last piece, the men levelled their muskets at the cubs, and shot them both dead; and in her retreat they wounded the dam, but not mortally.

“It would have drawn tears of pity from any but unfeeling minds to have seen the affection shown by the poor beast in the last moments of her expiring young. Though she was severely wounded, and could but just crawl to the place where they lay, she carried the lump of flesh she had brought away, as she had the others before, tore it in pieces, and laid it before them; and when she saw they refused to eat, she laid her paws first upon one, then upon the other, and endeavoured to raise them up.

“All this while it was piteous to hear her moan. When she found she could not stir them, she went off, and when at some distance looked back and moaned. As this did not succeed in enticing them away, she returned, and, smelling around them, began to lick their wounds. She went off a second time, as before, and, having crawled a few paces, looked again behind her, and for some time stood moaning.

“But still her cubs not rising to follow her, she returned to them again, and with signs of exceeding fondness went round first one and then the other, trying to raise them up, and moaning. Finding at last that they were cold and lifeless, she raised her head toward the ship, and growled her resentment

at the murderers, which they returned with a volley of musket balls. She fell between the cubs, and died licking their wounds.” CAPTAIN PHIPPS.

Mast-head, the top of a mast.

Blubber, the fat of whales and other large sea-animals.

Voracious, greedy ; e. g., hunger had made him quite voracious.

Resentment, the anger which we feel when wrong is done to us.

Volley, a discharge of many guns at once.

LESSON XXI.

FATHER IS COMING.

dreary	sign	threshold
bosom	laugh	heart
austere	limb	knew

THE clock is on the stroke of six,
 The father's work is done ;
 Sweep up the hearth and mend the fire,
 And put the kettle on :
 The wild night wind is blowing cold,
 'Tis dreary crossing o'er the wold.

He's crossing o'er the wold apace,
 He's stronger than the storm ;
 He does not feel the cold, not he,
 His heart it is so warm.
 For father's heart is stout and true,
 As ever human bosom knew.

He makes all toil, all hardship light :—
 Would all men were the same !
 So ready to be pleased, so kind,
 So very slow to blame !
 Folks need not be unkind, austere,
 For love hath readier will than fear.

FATHER IS COMING.

Nay, do not close the shutters, child :
 For far along the lane
 The little window looks, and he
 Can see it shining plain.
 I've heard him say he loves to mark
 The cheerful fire-light through the dark.

And we'll do all that father likes ;
 His wishes are so few.
 Would they were more ! that every hour
 Some wish of his I knew !
 I'm sure it makes a happy day
 When I can please him any way.

I know he's coming by this sign,
 That baby's almost wild ;
 See how he laughs, and crows, and stares !
 Heaven bless the merry child !
 He's father's self in face and limb,
 And father's heart is strong in him.

Hark ! hark ! I hear his footsteps now ;
 He's through the garden gate.
 Run, little Bess, and ope the door,
 And do not let him wait.
 Shout, baby, shout, and clap thy hands,
 For father on the threshold stands.

MARY HOWITT.

Wold, hill ; e. g., the Lincolnshire Wolds.

Apace, quickly ; e. g., the night comes on apace.

Human, relating to man ; e. g., human life is short.

Austere, hard in manner ; e. g., the judge had an austere look.

LESSON XXII.

HOW ELEPHANTS ARE CAUGHT.

captive
furious
inclosure

gradually
centre
ancient

ivory
delicious
valuable

YOU will wonder, perhaps, how men contrive to catch such a great animal as an elephant. I will tell you.

The hunters take with them some tame elephants that have been trained for the purpose. When they see a wild elephant, the tame ones pretend to take no notice of him, but go on plucking leaves and grass. By and by the wild elephant comes near to them, and then they begin to make a great deal of him.

Whilst they are doing this, the hunters fasten ropes round his legs, and tie the ends to some strong tree near at hand. If there be no strong tree close by, the tame elephants entice the wild elephant until he gets near one. The hunters then give a word of command, and the tame elephants move away, leaving the poor captive to his fate.

As soon as he finds he is a prisoner, he grows mad with rage, rolls on the ground, utters furious cries, and tries by every means in his power to break the rope, but it is all of no use ; and at last he gives in and allows his captors to take him away.

By another means a large number of elephants can be caught at once. An inclosure is made of strong posts and logs. A great many hunters then

form a complete circle round a herd of elephants, and gradually close in round them, driving them, in this way, towards the inclosure. This sometimes takes them several weeks. As soon as the elephants get into the inclosure they try to escape, but are driven back by the hunters.

Then they gather together in the centre of the inclosure. The hunters now enter the inclosure, either on foot or on the backs of tame elephants, and fasten every one of the elephants that has been driven in to some stout log or tree.

There are other modes of catching elephants, some of which are very cruel.

In ancient times the African elephant was tamed, just as the Asiatic elephant is now, but at present it is only hunted for its flesh and ivory. Almost every portion of the animal is eaten by the Kaffirs, but the nicest part is the foot, which, when baked, is said to be delicious. The ivory tusks are very valuable. A pair will sometimes fetch as much as forty pounds.

EDITOR.

Captive, a prisoner; e. g., the captives were set free.

Gradually, step by step; e. g., he gradually grew worse.

Ancient, belonging to old times; e. g., an ancient castle stands on the hill.

LESSON XXIII.

THE AFFECTION OF ELEPHANTS.

separate	gorge	neighbouring
several	impossible	companion
billows	inducement	escape

Two very young elephants, a male and a female, were once taken from the island of Ceylon to Holland, and thence to Paris. On the way they were separated, and when they met in Paris they had not seen each other for several months.

Their joy at meeting again was greater than words can describe. They ran together, uttered a great cry of delight, and blew the air out of their trunks in blasts, like the blast of a blacksmith's bellows.

The female showed her pleasure by rapidly flapping her ears and twining her trunk round the body of her mate. The male was no less pleased, and, though you will scarcely believe it, shed tears of joy.

A wild beast show was once travelling in America and had to cross a bridge. Two elephants who formed part of the show had, with their drivers, to cross last. When the elephants came to the bridge they tried it with their great feet, to find out whether it was safe, and seemed very unwilling to cross over.

At last, goaded on by their keepers, they rushed on. The bridge broke and fell, with the elephants, down to the bottom of the gorge. One of them broke its tusks and hurt its shoulder very badly. The other escaped unhurt.

It was found impossible to get the wounded elephant from the place where it fell, and no inducement sufficed to get the other elephant to leave its companion behind. At the end of three weeks the stream at the bottom of the gorge began to rise, and the keeper, fearing that the wounded elephant would be drowned, tried to get it to move to a neighbouring barn. Not succeeding, he took up a pitch-fork to prick it, but the elephant that had escaped unhurt would not allow this. He wrenched the fork out of the man's hand and broke it in pieces.

The keeper was obliged to give up his intention, and soon after the poor elephant died. When it was dead, its faithful companion, seeing that it could no longer be of any service, allowed itself to be led away.

EDITOR.

Gorge, a deep valley; e. g., a torrent came down the gorge.

Inducement, attraction; e. g., no inducement could make him tell a lie.

LESSON XXIV.

MORE STORIES ABOUT ELEPHANTS.

condemn	sentence	enemy	believe
severely	expensive	relief	succeed
pension	swallow	receive	visitor

AN elephant, which belonged to a gentleman in India, once broke loose from her keeper, ran away into the woods, and was lost. The keeper having been suspected of having sold it, his wife and children

were sold as slaves, and he himself was condemned to work on the roads.

About twelve years afterwards he was sent into the country with a number of hunters, to assist in catching some wild elephants. They found a herd, and among them the old keeper thought that he could see the elephant which had run away from him, and for whose loss he had been so severely punished.

So firmly did he believe that the elephant was the one of which he used to have charge, that he made up his mind to go up to it. He went up to the animal and spoke to her. She knew his voice at once; waved her trunk in the air, knelt down, and allowed him to get upon her back. He accepted her invitation, drove off, and with her assistance succeeded in catching three young elephants to which she had given birth in her absence.

You will be glad to hear that the man's sentence was reversed, and that he had a pension given him for the rest of his life.

Elephants do not like to have tricks played on them. A person who lived near a place where elephants were daily brought to water, used often to give them some fig leaves to eat, a food of which they are very fond. One day he wrapped a stone with fig leaves and gave it to an elephant, saying, "This time I will give him a stone to eat, and see how it will agree with him." The elephant found out the trick at once, and let the stone drop to the ground.

After the elephants had been watered, they had to

go back to their stable. On their way the elephant who had had the stone given him, seeing the man who played the trick on him, sitting outside his door, ran at him, threw his trunk round him, dashed him to the ground, and trampled him to death.

When you are standing near an elephant, take care that he does not put his trunk in your pocket and take something out. A gentleman was once standing by one, when the elephant, who was on the look-out for ginger-bread or something else to eat, such as visitors were in the habit of giving him, took out of his pocket a pocket-book, containing a number of bank notes and letters, and swallowed it. That was a very expensive mouthful, was it not?

Elephants grow very much attached to those who are kind to them. King Porus was severely wounded in a battle with Alexander the Great, and fell from the back of his elephant. His enemies immediately rushed forward to strip him of his rich arms and robes, thinking that he was dead, but the elephant stood over his body, and looked so fierce that they dared not approach him. Then it took the bleeding body of its master up with its trunk and placed him gently on its back. By this time the troops of the king came to his relief, and carried him off safely. But the faithful elephant died of the wounds which it had received in defence of its master.

EDITOR.

Condemn, to sentence; e. g., he was condemned to die.

Pension, an allowance of money paid at regular intervals; e. g., the old soldier lives on his pension.

LESSON XXV.

COMMON THINGS.

glorious
peasant
scarcely

lambkin
meadow
notice

monarch
beautiful
hearth

pleasant
throne
moor

THE sunshine is a glorious thing,
That comes alike to all,
Lighting the peasant's lowly cot,
The noble's painted hall.

The moonlight is a gentle thing ;
It through the window gleams
Upon a snowy pillow, where
The happy infant dreams.

It shines upon the fisher's boat,
Out on the lovely sea ;
Or where the little lambkins lie,
Beneath the old oak tree.

The dewdrops on the summer morn
Sparkle upon the grass ;
The village children brush them off,
That through the meadows pass.

There are no gems in monarch's crowns
More beautiful than they,
And yet we scarcely notice them,
But tread them off in play.

Poor Robin on the pear-tree sings
Beside the cottage door ;
The heath-flower fills the air with sweets
Upon the pathless moor.

There are as many lovely things,
 As many pleasant tones,
 For those who sit by cottage hearths,
 As those who sit on thrones!

Mrs. HAWKSHAW.

Peasant, a country labourer; e. g., the peasant may be happy in his cottage.

Sweets, sweet odours, perfumes.

Hearth, fireside, properly the stone on which a fire-place stands.

LESSON XXVI.

MAN OVERBOARD.

reduce	hencoop	despair	rowlocks
topsail	saturated	answer	tenacity
observed	vigorous	relief	agony
lightning	disappear	energy	exhaustion

THE order was given to reduce sail, and the men lay out on the topsail yards. I noticed that my friend Fred Borders was the first man to spring up the shrouds and lay out on the main-topsail yard. It was so dark that I could scarcely see the masts. While I was gazing up, I thought I observed a dark object drop from the yard; at the same moment there was a loud shriek, followed by a plunge in the sea. This was succeeded by the sudden cry, "Man overboard!" and instantly the whole ship was in an uproar.

No one who has not heard that cry can understand the dreadful feelings that are raised in the human breast by it. My heart at first seemed to leap into

my mouth, and almost choke me. Then a terrible fear, which I cannot describe, shot through me, when I thought it might be my comrade Fred Borders. But these thoughts and feelings passed like lightning—in a far shorter time than it takes to write them down. The shriek was still ringing in my ears, when the captain roared—

“Down your helm! stand by to lower away the boats.”

At the same moment he seized a light hen-coop and tossed it overboard, and the mate did the same with an oar in the twinkling of an eye. Almost without knowing what I did, or why I did it, I seized a great mass of oakum and rubbish that lay on the deck saturated with oil; I thrust it into the embers of the fire in the try-works,* and hurled it blazing into the sea.

The ship's head was thrown into the wind, and we were brought to as quickly as possible. A gleam of hope arose within me on observing that the mass I had thrown overboard continued still to burn; but when I saw how quickly it went astern, notwithstanding our vigorous efforts to stop the ship, my heart began to sink, and when, a few moments after, the light suddenly disappeared, despair seized upon me, and I gave my friend up for lost.

At that moment, strange to say, thoughts of my mother came into my mind. I remembered her words, “Call upon the Lord, my dear boy, when you are in trouble.” Although I had given but little

* Try-works, or boilers for melting the blubber into oil, on board a whale ship.

heed to prayer, or to my Maker, up to that time, I did pray, then and there, most earnestly that my messmate might be saved. I cannot say that I had much hope that my prayer would be answered—indeed I think I had none—still the mere act of crying in my distress to the Almighty afforded me a little relief, and it was with a good deal of energy that I threw myself into the first boat that was lowered, and pulled at the oar as if my own life depended on it.

A lantern had been fastened to the end of an oar and set up in the boat, and by its faint light I could see that the men looked very grave. Tom Lokins was steering, and I sat near him, pulling the aft oar.

“Do you think we’ve any chance, Tom?” said I.

A shake of the head was the only reply.

“It must have been here away,” said the mate, who stood up in the bow with a coil of rope at his feet, and a boat-hook in his hand. “Hold on, lads; did anyone hear a cry?”

No one answered. We all ceased pulling, and listened intently; but the noise of the waves and the whistling of the winds were all the sounds we heard.

“What’s that floating on the water?” said one of the men suddenly.

“Where away?” cried everyone eagerly.

“Right off the lee bow—there, don’t you see it?”

At that moment a faint cry came floating over the black water, and died away in the breeze.

The single word “Hurrah!” burst from our throats with all the power of our lungs, and we bent to our

oars till we well-nigh tore the rowlocks out of the boat.

“Hold hard! stern all!” roared the mate, as we went flying down to leeward, and almost ran over the hen-coop, to which a human form was seen to be clinging with the tenacity of a drowning man. We had swept down so quickly, that we shot past it. In an agony of fear lest my friend should be again lost in the darkness, I leaped up and sprang into the sea. Tom Lokins, however, had noticed what I was about; he seized me by the collar of my jacket just as I reached the water, and held me with a grip like a vice till one of the men came to his assistance, and dragged me back into the boat. In a few minutes more we reached the hen-coop, and Fred was saved.

He was half dead with cold and exhaustion, poor fellow, but in a few minutes he began to recover, and before we reached the ship he could speak. His first words were to thank God for his deliverance. Then he said—

“And thanks to the man that flung that light overboard. I should have gone down but for that. It showed me where the hen-coop was.”

I cannot describe the feeling of joy that filled my heart when he said this.

“Ay, who was it that throwed that fire overboard?” inquired one of the men.

“Don’t know,” replied another; “I think it was the cap’n.”

“You’ll find that out when we get aboard,” cried the mate: “pull away, lads.”

In five minutes Fred Borders was passed up the

side and taken down below. In two minutes more we had him stripped naked, rubbed dry, wrapped in hot blankets, and set down on one of the lockers, with a hot brick at his feet, and a stiff can of hot rum and water in his hand.*

R. M. BALLANTYNE.

Reduce, diminish the amount of; e. g., we reduced the amount of food. To reduce sail is to take in sail.

Saturated, soaked; e. g., his clothes were saturated with water.

Vigorous, strong, lusty; e. g., he is now healthy and vigorous.

Relief, help; e. g., we came to their relief.

Energy, vigour; e. g., we should work with energy.

Rowlocks, the places in which the oars work.

Tenacity, firm hold; e. g., the shell clung to the rock with great tenacity.

LESSON XXVII.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG'S REVENGE.

specimen	hesitation	formidable	inquiry
magnificent	nautical	situation	occasioned
intelligent	generally	anxiety	sympathy
adversary	preparatory	realized	exhausted
triangular	launch	voracious	alternately
security	vengeance	crisis	mutilate

THE American brig 'Cecilia,' Captain Symmes, on one of her voyages, had on board a splendid specimen of the Newfoundland breed, named Napoleon, and his magnificent size and proportions, his intelligent head, broad, white feet, and white-tipped tail, the rest of his body being black, made him as remark-

* Inserted by the kind permission of Messrs. Nelson and Co.

able as his peerless namesake, who would, no doubt, have been proud to possess him.

Captain Symmes, however, was not partial to animals of any kind, and had an unaccountable and especial repugnance to dogs.

This dislike he one day manifested in a shocking manner; for Napoleon had several times entered his room, and, by wagging his great banner of a tail, knocked paper and ink off his desk. On the next occasion, the captain seized a knife and cut the poor animal's tail off.

The dog's yell brought his master to the spot, and, seeing the calamity and the author of it, without a moment's hesitation he felled Captain Symmes to the cabin floor, with a sledge-hammer blow, which, had it hit the temple, would have for ever prevented him from cutting off any more dogs' tails.

The result was that Lancaster was put in irons, from which he, however, was soon released. Captain Symmes repented his cruel deed on learning that Napoleon had once saved his owner's life.

The white shark, as all my nautical friends are well aware, is one of the largest of sharks. It is usually over twenty, and I have seen one twenty-seven and a half feet long. It is generally considered to be the fiercest and most formidable of sharks.

But a few days elapsed after this event, ere Napoleon became the hero of a more thrilling occurrence.

One morning, as the captain was standing on the bowsprit, he lost his footing and fell overboard, the

'Cecilia' then running at about fifteen knots. "Man overboard! Captain Symmes overboard!" was the cry, and all rushed to get out the boat as they saw a swimmer striking out for the brig, which was at once rounded to; and as they felt especially fearful on account of the white sharks in those waters, they regarded his situation with the most painful anxiety.

By the time the boat touched the water, their worst fears were realized; for at some distance behind the swimmer they beheld, advancing toward him, the fish most dreaded in those waters.

"Hurry! hurry, men, or we shall be too late!" exclaimed the mate. "What's that?" The splash, which caused this inquiry was occasioned by the plunge of Napoleon into the sea. The noble animal, having been watching the cause of the tumult from the captain's fall, had heard the shout, and for a few moments had vented his feelings in deep growls, as if he was conscious of the peril of his enemy, and gratified at it.

His growls, however, were soon changed into those whines of sympathy which so often show the attachment of the dog to man, when the latter is in danger. At last he plunged, and rapidly made his way towards the now nearly exhausted captain, who, aware of his double danger, and being but a poor swimmer, made fainter and fainter strokes, while his adversary closed rapidly upon him.

"Pull, boys, for the dear life!" was the shout of the mate, as the boat now followed the dog. Slowly the fatigued swimmer made his way; ever and anon his head sank in the waves, and behind him the

back of the voracious animal told him what fearful progress he was making, while Lancaster, in the bow of the boat, stood with a knife in his upraised hand, watching alternately the captain and his pursuer and the faithful animal which had saved his own life.

“What a swimmer!” exclaimed the men, who



marked the speed of the animal. “The shark will have one or both if we don’t do our best.” The scene was of short duration. Ere the boat could overtake the dog, the enormous shark had arrived

within three oars'-length of the captain, and suddenly turned over on his back, preparatory to darting on the sinking man and receiving him in his vast jaws, which now displayed their long triangular teeth.

The wild shriek of the captain announced that the crisis had come. But now Napoleon, seemingly inspired with increased strength, had also arrived, and with a fierce howl leaped upon the gleaming belly of the shark, and buried his teeth in the monster's flesh, while the boat swiftly neared them.

"Saved! if we are half as smart as the dog is!" cried the mate, as we all saw the voracious monster shudder in the sea, and, smarting with pain, turn over again, the dog retaining his hold and becoming submerged in the water.

At this juncture the boat arrived, and Lancaster, his knife in his teeth, plunged into the water, where the captain also now had sunk from view. But a few moments elapsed ere the dog rose to the surface, and soon after Lancaster, bearing the insensible form of the captain.

"Pull them in and give them a bar," cried the mate, "for that fellow is preparing for another launch." His orders were obeyed, and the second onset of the sea-monster was foiled by the mate's splashing water in his eyes. He came again, and but a few seconds too late to snap off the captain's leg, as his body was drawn into the boat. Foiled the second time, the shark plunged and was seen no more, but left a track of blood on the surface of the water, a token of the severity of the wound made by the dog.

The boat was now pulled towards the brig; and not many hours elapsed before the captain was on deck again, very feeble, but able to appreciate the services of his deliverer, and most bitterly to lament the cruel act which had mutilated him for ever.

"I would give my right arm," he exclaimed, as he patted the Newfoundland who stood by his side, "if I could only repair the injury I have done that splendid fellow. Lancaster, you are now avenged, and so is he, and a most Christian vengeance it is, though it will be a source of grief to me as long as I live." *

British Workman.

Specimen, sample; e. g., I will show you a specimen of our tea.

Hesitation, delay, pause; e. g., he answered without hesitation.

Peerless, unequalled; e. g., she was peerless for beauty.

Nautical, belonging to ships and navigation.

Formidable, to be dreaded; e. g., the tiger is a formidable animal.

Realize, fulfil; e. g., his hopes were realized.

Crisis, a critical time, a time when much depends on what is said or done; e. g., affairs have reached a crisis.

Sympathy, a feeling with; e. g., have you no sympathy with the poor?

Exhausted, worn out; e. g., he sank exhausted.

Mutilate, maim, disfigure; e. g., who mutilated the statue?

Knot, a division of the log line which shows at what speed the ship is going. The number of knots which run off the reel marks the number of miles the vessel sails in an hour. Hence, when a ship is going at the speed of fifteen miles an hour she is said to sail fifteen knots.

* Inserted by the kind permission of the proprietor of the 'British Workman.'

LESSON XXVIII.

THE FAIRIES OF THE CALDON-LOW.

blithe	laugh	lintseed	beard
talking	seize	weaver	brownie
dawning	mildew	dwindling	enough
yellow	high	prithee	outright

“AND where have you been, my Mary,
 And where have you been from me?”
 “I’ve been to the top of the Caldon-Low,
 The midsummer night to see!”

“And what did you see, my Mary,
 All up on the Caldon-Low?”
 “I saw the blithe sunshine come down,
 And I saw the merry winds blow.”

“Oh, tell me all, my Mary—
 All, all that ever you know,
 For you must have seen the fairies,
 Last night on the Caldon-Low.”

“Then take me on your knee, mother,
 And listen, mother of mine;
 A hundred fairies danced last night,
 And the harpers they were nine.

And merry was the glee of the harp-strings,
 And their dancing feet so small;
 But, oh, the sound of their talking
 Was merrier far than all!”

“ And what were the words, my Mary,
That you did hear them say ? ”

“ I’ll tell you all, my mother—
But let me have my way !

“ And some they played with the water,
And rolled it down the hill ;

‘ And this,’ they said, ‘ shall speedily turn
The poor old miller’s mill ;

“ ‘ For there has been no water
Ever since the first of May ;
And a busy man shall the miller be
By the dawning of the day !

“ ‘ Oh, the miller, how he will laugh
When he sees the mill-dam rise !
The jolly old miller how he will laugh,
Till the tears fill both his eyes ! ’

“ And some they seized the little winds
That sounded over the hill,
And each put a horn into his mouth,
And blew so sharp and shrill :—

“ ‘ And there,’ said they, ‘ the merry winds go,
Away from every horn ;
And those shall clear the mildew dank
From the blind old widow’s corn !

“ ‘ Oh, the poor, blind old widow—
Though she has been blind so long,
She’ll be merry enough when the mildew’s gone,
And the corn stands stiff and strong ! ’

“ And some they brought the brown lintseed,
And flung it down from the Low—

‘ And this,’ said they, ‘ by the sunrise,
In the weaver’s croft shall grow ! ’

“ ‘Oh, the poor, lame weaver,
How he will laugh outright,
When he sees the dwindling flax-field
All full of flowers by night!’

“ ‘And then upspoke a brownie,
With a long beard on his chin—
‘I have spun up all the tow,’ said he,
‘And I want some more to spin.

“ ‘I’ve spun a piece of hempen cloth,
And I want to spin another—
A little sheet for Mary’s bed,
And an apron for her mother!’

“ ‘And with that I could not help but laugh,
And I laughed out loud and free;
And then on the top of the Caldon-Low
There was no one left but me.

“ ‘And all on the top of the Caldon-Low,
The mists were cold and grey,
And nothing I saw but the mossy stones
That round about me lay.

“ ‘But, as I came down from the hill-top,
I heard, afar below,
How busy the jolly miller was,
And how merry the wheel did go.

“ ‘And I peeped into the widow’s field,
And sure enough was seen
The yellow ears of the mildewed corn
All standing stiff and green.

“ ‘And down by the weaver’s croft I stole,
To see if the flax were high;
But I saw the weaver at his gate
With the good news in his eye!

“ Now, this is all I heard, mother,
 And all that I did see ;
 So, prithee, make my bed, mother,
 For I'm tired as I can be !”

MARY HOWITT.

- Blithe**, gay, cheerful ; e. g., we were all blithe and happy.
Dwindle, grow less and less ; e. g., our food was rapidly dwindling away.
Brownie, a good-natured spirit, who was believed to perform various kind services in a house, such as thrashing the wheat, and churning the butter.
Mildew, a very small white fungus that grows on corn and leaves.
Dank, moist ; e. g., the air near the water's side was dank.
Lintseed, or linseed, flax-seed, the seed of the plant from which linen is made.
Prithee, a contraction of “ I pray thee.”
Croft, a small field near a dwelling-house.

LESSON XXIX.

JACK'S DOG BANDY.

fagots	husband	forgotten	buried
Jeannette	towards	answered	schoolmaster
Bandy	ordered	uplifted	following
evening	already	faithful	epitaph

IN a large forest in France there lived a poor woodman, whose name was Jack. He did not make much money by the sale of his fagots, but enough to support himself, his wife Jenny, and their two children. The eldest child was a boy, seven years old, named Jean, and the second was a fair-haired girl, named Jeannette. They had also a curly-haired dog, named Bandy.

When the snow lies deep in the forest, the wolves

that live in its depths grow very hungry and fierce, and come out to look for food. The poor people also suffer much in the time of deep snow, for they cannot get work. Jack did not fear the wolves when he had his good axe in his hand, and went every day to his work.

One evening he did not come home at the usual time. Jenny went to the door, looked out, came in, then went back and looked out again. "How very late he is!" she said to herself.

Then she went outside and called her husband, "Jack, Jack!" No answer. Bandy leaped on her, as if to say, "Shall I go and look for him?" "Down, good dog," said Jenny; "here, my little Jeannette, run to the gate and see if your father is coming. You, Jean, go along the road to the end of the garden paling, and cry aloud, 'Father, father!'" The children went as their mother told them, but could not see their father.

"I will go and find him," said little Jean, "even if the wolves should eat me."

"So will I," said his little sister, and off they set towards the forest.

In the meantime their father had come home by another road, having to leave a bundle of fagots with a neighbour who had ordered them.

"Did you meet the children?" said Jenny, as he came in.

"The children!" said Jack. "No. Is it possible that they are out?"

"I sent them to the end of the paling, but you have come by another road."

Jack did not put down his axe, but ran as fast as he could to the spot.

"Take Bandy with you," cried Jenny; but Bandy was off already, and had gone so far before, that his master could not see him. In vain the poor father called "Jean, Jeannette!" No one answered, and



his tears began to fall, for he feared his children were lost.

After running on a long, long way, he thought he heard Bandy bark. He went straight into the wood towards the sound, his axe uplifted in his hand. Bandy had come up to the two children just as a

large wolf was going to seize them. He sprang at the wolf, barking loudly to call his master. Jack, with one blow of his good axe, killed the great fierce beast; but it was too late to save poor Bandy. He was dead already; the wolf had killed him. The father and two children went back to Jenny, full of joy that they were safe, and yet they could not help crying, they were so sorry that good faithful Bandy was dead. They buried him at the bottom of the garden, and put a large stone over him, on which the schoolmaster wrote the following epitaph:

“Beneath this stone there lies at rest
Bandy—of all good dogs the best.”

Bandy is not forgotten in that part of the country, for when anyone is very true, and brave, and faithful, the people always say of him, he is as brave and faithful as Jack's dog Bandy.

Epitaph, the words on a tombstone.

LESSON XXX.

THE SQUIRREL AND THE OLD DOG.

busy	abundance	earn	purpose
favourite	rapidity	happiness	occupation
beautiful	unusual	satisfy	foolish

SOME people think that they are doing a great deal of work because they are very busy and making a great deal of noise. But it is not those who make the most noise who do the most work, as you will see from the story I am going to tell you.

A pretty little squirrel was the favourite of everybody in the house in which he lived. He had biscuits, sugar, and nuts to eat in abundance. He had a beautiful wire cage, the wheel of which he used to make turn round with the greatest rapidity.

One day he was full of joy and spirits, and after making his wheel spin round with unusual speed, he said aloud, "There is no one in the house but myself who does any real work. I never saw such a lazy set. There is that great dog Neptune, who is lying asleep on the rug; he does nothing but eat and sleep from one end of the week to the other."

Now Neptune was a dog of good breed, and had done good service in his day, but he was beginning to grow old, and he could not move about quite so nimbly as he could when he was young. From morning till night, without any regret for the past or any discontent with his present, he passed his days in silent happiness. Old age is not the season for hard work, but for rest. His master was a kind-hearted man, and allowed him to enjoy his repose. It was the well-earned reward of the faithful services which he had rendered in days gone by.

Although he was grown very deaf, he heard the self-satisfied talk of the squirrel, and turning his head round, he said, "That is very good of you, old fellow. You suppose yourself hard at work when you are wasting your time hopping and skipping about to no purpose. My good friend, do not be angry with me for what I am going to say. It is better to do nothing than to do nothing but nothings."

He meant to say that it is better to be idle than

to spend our time in some foolish and useless occupation like the squirrel's. Boys, do not think that you are hard at work when you are only making a great fuss. Great talkers are rarely great doers.

Adapted from the French by the Editor.

Occupation, employment; e. g., his occupation was that of a mason.

Rapidity, swiftness; e. g., the bird flies through the air with great rapidity.

Earn, get by labour; e. g., he earned his own living.

LESSON XXXI.

THE OAK-TREE.

monarch	thread	friends	verdure
acorn	nurture	strengthen	plaited
nourish	ancient	century	thousand
Christian	merchant	build	grapple

SING for the oak-tree,
 The monarch of the wood ;
 Sing for the oak-tree,
 That groweth green and good ;
 That groweth broad and branching
 Within the forest shade ;
 That groweth now and yet shall grow
 When we are lowly laid !

The oak-tree was an acorn once,
 And fell upon the earth ;
 And sun and showers nourished it,
 And gave the oak-tree birth.
 The little sprouting oak-tree !
 Two leaves it had at first,
 Till sun and showers nourished it,
 Then out the branches burst.

The little sapling oak-tree !
Its root was like a thread,
Till the kindly earth had nurtured it,
Then out it freely spread :
On this side and on that side
It grappled with the ground,
And in the ancient rifted rock
Its firmest footing found.

The winds came, and the rain fell ;
The gusty tempests blew ;
All, all were friends to the oak-tree,
And stronger yet it grew.
The boy that saw the acorn fall,
He feeble grew and grey ;
But the oak was still a thriving tree,
And strengthened every day.

Four centuries grows the oak-tree,
Nor doth its verdure fail ;
Its heart is like the iron-wood,
Its bark like plaited mail.
Now, cut us down the oak-tree,
The monarch of the wood ;
And of its timbers stout and strong
We'll build a vessel good !

The oak-tree of the forest
Both east and west shall fly ;
And the blessings of a thousand lands
Upon our ships shall lie !
For she shall not be a man-of-war,
Nor a pirate shall she be,
But a noble, Christian merchant-ship,
To sail upon the sea.

Then sing for the oak-tree,
The monarch of the wood ;
Sing for the oak-tree,
That groweth green and good ;

That groweth broad and branching
 Within the forest shade ;
 That groweth now and yet shall grow
 When we are lowly laid !

MARY HOWITT.

Monarch, a sovereign, a king or queen ; e. g., Queen Victoria is monarch of England.

Nourish, to feed ; e. g., the flowers are nourished by rain.

Sapling, a very young tree ; e. g., the largest tree was a sapling once.

Rifted, split ; e. g., the tree was rifted from top to bottom.

Century, a hundred years. An oak-tree takes many centuries to grow to its full size.

Mail, armour ; e. g., he had on a coat of mail.

LESSON XXXII.

WOODPECKERS.

specialy	fluid	pincers	security
arrangement	distribute	chisel	capture
beautiful	transfix	granite	material

WHEN you are in the country you will often hear, if you go into the woods or along the lanes, a curious noise, as though somebody or something were tapping at a tree. Sometimes the taps are made slowly, and then they will follow each other with the greatest rapidity. This noise is made by a woodpecker, who is either making a hole in a tree where it may make its nest, or seeking for the insects that live in the decayed parts of the wood of the tree.

As you might expect, its body is specially adapted for the kind of life it leads. Its feet are strong, and provided with sharply-hooked claws, which enable it

to climb up the trunk of a tree, and hold on while it pecks at the wood. Its tail, too, is provided with stiff feathers, which, by pressing against the tree, assist it in maintaining its upright position.

The woodpecker's tongue is very long and pointed, and is provided at the tip with a number of little barbs. By a beautiful arrangement of the tongue bones, which, after passing under the skull and then over it, terminate just above the nostrils, it is enabled to shoot out its tongue to a great distance, and so transfix the insects which live in the small holes and cracks of the wood. Insects that are too small to be transfixed are caught by means of a gummy fluid which is distributed along the tongue.

The tree is all in all to the woodpecker; it is a castle, a pasture, a nursery, and admirable in all three respects. If the tree affords no natural hole fit for the purpose of nest-making the woodpeckers set about making one with their bills. They do this by turns, and they do it with wonderful quickness, their bills, while they are at work, going so fast that the strokes cannot be counted either by the eye or the ear. They know the kind of tree that will suit their purpose by the sound it yields; and though they will cut through a few layers of perfect wood, they never mine into a tree unless it has begun to decay in the interior. Nature guides them to those trees where their labour is light and where there is plenty to eat. They do not work with their bills as if these were pincers to tear, or chisels to detach pieces; they proceed in the same manner as a mason does when he makes a hole in a block of

granite with a pointed pick: they thump away with so much rapidity and force that the timber is ground to powder, and they work in a circle no larger than will admit themselves. They generally burrow so deep that no spoiler can reach their eggs in their absence, and further security is afforded by the opening being in some hidden part of the tree. The sound, which bears some resemblance to that made by the grinding of a thick piece of steel on a rather smooth stone, may be heard at a considerable distance; but though you go towards the sound it is not easy to see the birds. There are seldom any materials carried in for the nest. If the nest is artificially made it is made of the size wanted, and rendered soft at the bottom by a part of the powder of the tree; if there is a chink downward, the chink is filled up, but if there is one upward which admits the rain, the nest is dug out in a slanting direction till the drip is escaped, or if that be impossible, the place is abandoned for another.

The last time I was in the country my little nephews took me to see a woodpecker's nest which they had found. It was dug out of a branch of a willow tree, and could not have given the woodpeckers much trouble, for the wood of the branch was much decayed. My young friends saw the woodpecker go into the hole, and before it could fly out they stopped up the hole. The hole itself was too small for them to put their hands in it, and so they made up their minds to cut away the wood until they could reach it. By and by they got sufficiently far down to capture the bird as it lay sitting on its

eggs. I am glad to be able to add that they let it go again.

There are five different sorts of British woodpeckers. One of these is the great spotted woodpecker. It is of a black colour, spotted with white. The back of the head of the male bird is of a light scarlet. The female has no red upon her head. She lays five or six eggs, which are of a white colour, streaked towards the narrow end with faint narrow lines running lengthwise.

The commonest of all the British woodpeckers is the green woodpecker, which is very beautifully coloured. The top of the head is of a bright scarlet, the whole of the upper surface of the body being dark green mixed with yellow. The throat, chest, and under part of the body are of an ashen green. The beak is black.

The green woodpecker lives upon insects, and is very fond of ants. It is also fond of nuts, which it cracks with its bill.

EDITOR.

Fluid, something which will flow; e. g., water is a fluid.

Distribute, divide out; e. g., the money was distributed among the poor.

Transfix, pierce through; e. g., he was transfixed with a spear.

Security, safety; e. g., he was now in a position of security.

Material, the substance of which a thing is made; e. g., the material of which the house was made was wood.

LESSON XXXIII.

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

beauty	pearl	colours	Italian
sever	southern	field	parent
know	wrap	myrtle	hearth

THEY grew in beauty side by side,
 They filled one home with glee ;
 Their graves are severed far and wide,
 By mount and stream and sea.
 The same fond mother bent at night
 O'er each fair sleeping brow,
 She had each folded flower in sight,—
 Where are those dreamers now ?

One 'midst the forests of the west
 By a dark stream is laid,—
 The Indian knows his place of rest,
 Far in the cedar shade.
 The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one ;
 He lies where pearls lie deep ;
 He was the loved of all, yet none
 O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are drest
 Above the noble slain :
 He wrapt his colours round his breast
 On a blood-red field of Spain.
 And one—o'er her the myrtle showers
 Its leaves, by soft winds fanned :
 She faded midst Italian flowers,—
 The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who played
 Beneath the same green tree ;
 Whose voices mingled as they prayed
 Around one parent knee !

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
 And cheered with songs the hearth.
 Alas! for love, if thou wert all,
 And nought beyond, oh earth!

MRS. HEMANS

Sever, to separate; e. g., we were soon severed in the crowd.

Colours, the flag of a regiment, or of a ship; e. g., "The ship hauled down her colours."

LESSON XXXIV.

FIVE PEAS IN A POD.

arrange	company	balcony	patient
comfortable	peascod	attic	livelong
thoughtful	discover	industrious	awhile
violent	announce	separate	pleasant

I.

THERE were five peas in one pod; they were green, and the pod was green, and so they believed all the world was green—in fact, could not be otherwise. The pod grew and the peas grew; they were arranged as it suited their house, they sat all in a row.

The sun shone without and warmed the shell, and the rain came down and watered it; it was pleasant and comfortable, bright by day and dark by night—all was as it should be—and the peas grew bigger and more and more thoughtful as they sat there, with nothing to do but to think.

"Shall I always remain sitting here?" thought one and all of the five. "It appears to me as though there must be something beyond."

And weeks passed away; the peas grew yellow, and the shell grew yellow. "All the world is turning yellow," thought they. But all at once the pod was violently shaken, torn off the bough, and human hands thrust it into a trousers pocket, in company with other peascods. "Now will all be discovered to us," said the peas, and they waited for what would come next.

Crash! the pod was torn open, and all the five peas rolled out into the bright sunshine; a little boy held them, and he declared that they were just the right peas for his gun, so one was forthwith put into the gun and shot off.

"Now I fly out into the wide world; catch me if you can;" and he was gone.

"I," announced the second, "shall fly straight into the sun; it is a big peascod, and just the right place for me." He too was gone.

"We sleep while we move," declared the third and fourth; "but we get on all the same;" and they rolled for awhile on the floor before they were picked up and put into the gun.

"Come what come may," repeated the fifth, as he was shot into the air; he flew up to an old balcony under an attic window, and fell into a crack in the wood, filled up with moss and mould. And the moss clustered over it; there it lay hid, lost to sight, but not forgotten by the Lord.

Within the attic dwelt a poor woman, who went out every day to do hard work, for she was strong and industrious, but very, very poor. And at home in the little bare chamber she left her half-grown-up

only daughter, who was so thin and weakly, that for a whole year she had kept her bed; it seemed she could neither live nor die.

"She will go to her little sister," said the mother. "Two children had I; that was more than I could provide for, so the Lord shared them with me, and took one away for Himself. I would very gladly keep the one I have left; but He will not have them separated, and she will go and join her little sister."

The sick girl did not go; very patient and still she lay in bed the livelong day.

(Continued p. 97.)

Arrange, dispose; e. g., the furniture was all neatly arranged.

Discover, to find out something that already exists; e. g.,

Columbus discovered America.

Attic, the top room of a house.

Announce, declare; e. g., he announced that he was going to Paris.

Balcony, a small gallery in front of a window.

LESSON XXXV.

FATHER'S STORY.

pitch-black	belated	bough	frighten
pouring	rafter	sheltering	weather
lonely	bruised	crouching	rustled

LITTLE one, come to my knee!
 Hark! how the rain is pouring
 Over the roof, in the pitch-black night,
 And the wind in the woods is roaring.

FATHER'S STORY.

Hush, my darling, and listen ;
Then pay for the story with kisses :
Father was lost in a pitch-black night,
In just such a storm as this is !

High up on the lonely mountains,
Where the wild men watched and waited ;
Wolves in the forest, and bears in the bush,
And I on my path belated.

The rain and the night together
Came down, and the wind came after,
Bending the props of the pine-tree roof,
And snapping many a rafter.

I crept along in the darkness,
Stunned and bruised and blinded,—
Crept to a fir with thick-set boughs,
And to a sheltering rock behind it.

There, from the blowing and raining,
Crouching, I sought to hide me ;
Something rustled, two green eyes shone,
And a wolf lay down beside me.

Little one, be not frightened,
I and the wolf together,
Side by side, through the long, long night,
Hid from the awful weather.

His wet fur pressed against me ;
Each of us warmed the other ;
Each of us felt, in the stormy dark,
That beast and man was brother.

And when the falling forest
No longer crashed in warning,
Each of us went from our hiding-place
Forth in the wild, wet morning.

Now, darling, kiss me in payment,
 And hark ! how the wind is roaring ;
 Surely home is a better place,
 When stormy rain is pouring !

BAYARD TAYLOR.

Belated, kept out late ; e. g., I was belated in the forest.

Props, supports ; e. g., the building was kept from falling by props.

Bustle, to make a noise like that produced by walking through dry leaves.

LESSON XXXVI.

FIVE PEAS IN A POD (*continued*).

attract	invalid	languor
crevice	petals	pigeon
believe	delicate	purpose

II.

It was spring-time, and early one morning when the mother was just going out, the sun shone so brightly through the little window upon the floor of the attic, and the sick girl's eyes were attracted towards the lowest pane of glass. "There is something green shooting up from the window-pane ; it moves in the wind."

The mother went to the window, and forced it open. "Why it is a little tiny pea that has sprouted up with its green leaves ! How could it get there in this crevice ? There, now you have a little garden to look at !"

"Mother, I believe I am better ;" said the girl, that evening. "The sun shone upon me so warmly

to-day, and the little pea thrives so well, I begin to think I shall get well too, and get out into the sunshine."

"Would you might!" said her mother, not believing it. But she was careful to tie up the little plant, that had first given her child glad thoughts of



life, to a bit of wood, that it might not be broken by the wind; and she made a network of string in front of the window, that as it grew higher it should have something to cling round. And in fact, the little plant thrived well: it grew before their eyes, day by day.

“I do believe it is going to blossom!” said the poor woman, one morning; and now she really began to hope and believe that her sick girl might recover; she remembered that lately she had talked with less languor, that during the last few mornings she had raised herself in bed, and had sat gazing with sparkling eyes upon her little garden with its single plant.

And the very next week the invalid sat in the warm sunshine; the window was open, and outside it a little white and red pea-blossom had unfolded its dainty petals. The poor girl bowed her head and softly kissed the delicate flower.

This was a feast-day for mother and daughter. “The Lord planted it himself, and made it thrive on purpose to give hope and pleasure to thee.” And the happy mother smiled upon the flower, as though it were a good angel from heaven.

But what became of the other peas? Why, the one that flew into the wide world, crying “Catch me if you can!” fell into the gutter, and was there picked up by a pigeon. The third and fourth shared the same fate; they too were eaten by pigeons, and thus were useful.

But the second, who aspired to fly into the sun? why, he fell into the water of the gutter—sour water it was too—and there lay for days and weeks, growing all the time larger and larger, till he burst, and that was the last of him.

Meantime the young girl stood at the attic window with beaming eyes, and the glow of health

on her cheeks, and she folded her white hands over the pea-blossom and thanked the Lord for it.

HANS ANDERSEN.

Attract, draw to; e. g., the magnet attracts iron.

Crevice, crack; e. g., a small crevice admitted the light.

Invalid, a sick person; e. g., Tom has been an invalid for some months.

Languor, feebleness; e. g., her languor prevented her from taking much exercise.

LESSON XXXVII.

THE ANIMALS' CONCERT.

quarrel	alto	stomach	excellent
delight	tenor	giraffe	melodiously
performers	audience	conductor	announce
solemn	frighten	Turkey	terrible

I.

ONCE the animals met in the forest
 (It was in the month of June)
 To spend an evening together
 And have a bit of a tune.

They all gave their word not to quarrel,
 Nor to sting, nor to scratch, nor to bite,
 But, for once, to show brotherly feeling
 And taste of music's delight.

The performers sat in a hollow,
 And orderly took their places:
 In front the trebles and altos,
 Behind them the tenors and basses.

The audience before them consisted
Of creatures that could not sing ;
Some crawled on their stomach ; some climbed up the trees,
And some of them kept on the wing.

The adder, because he was deafish,
Was allowed to have a front stall,
While the lofty giraffe stood behind
Because he could see over all.

They made the donkey conductor,
Because of his excellent ear ;
And the time he most gracefully nodded
As he sat on his lofty chair.

The lion began the concert,
But he made such a terrible roar
That the lambs and the kids were frightened,
And begged that he'd sing no more.

The turkey-cock next come forward,
And up on the platform hobbled ;
He sang of the pleasures of farm-yard life,
And most melodiously gobbled.

A house-dog rose next, amid cheering,
And said it was his turn now ;
He did not know much about singing,
But he'd give his famous " bow wow."

The fox, with a good deal of slyness,
Announced he was good at a catch ;
But the ducks drowned his voice with their cackling,
And for once he found his match.

Then up hopped a frog from the marshes
And sat on the root of an oak ;
He sang of his love in the rushes
And the audience chimed in with " croak, croak."

Next on came a rook looking solemn,
 And sang something that ended "caw, caw";
 The ass looked delighted, and brayed out
 Again and again "hee, haw."

Delight, pleasure; e. g., he took no delight in anything.

Audience, a company of persons assembled to hear music or speeches.

Melody, a sweet song. Hence melodiously means sweetly, musically.

Announce, to state; e. g., it was announced that the Queen was coming.

Catch, an odd kind of musical composition sung in parts.

LESSON XXXVIII.

THE ANIMALS' CONCERT (*continued*).

wriggle	personal	handsome	chorus
straightway	timidly	nightingale	hyæna
plaintive	monkeys	bosom	laugh
hideous	horrible	discord	business
brilliant	resolve	successful	family

II.

The serpent now rose with a wriggle,
 And straightway began to hiss,
 But the audience soon put him to silence
 By screaming, "We can't stand this."

A robin then perched on a thorn-tree
 And sang, in a plaintive mood,
 A ballad that set them all weeping,
 About two little babes in a wood.

The goose sang about a lost sister,
 Who was carried off in the night,
 When the fox said such subjects were personal,
 And, no doubt, it served her quite right.

Two doves next came timidly forward
And sang a delightful duet ;
They billed and they cooed, and they cooed and they billed,
And they told how it was that they met.

Then the monkeys began to chatter,
But the ass would not hear them through ;
So he called on a handsome barn-door cock
To sing Cock-a-doodle-doo.

The nightingale warbled most sweetly
About her love for the rose ;
And how a thorn entered her bosom,
And other distressing woes.

Then they had a sort of a chorus ;
The pheasant led off with a whirr,
The horse neighed as loud as he could,
And the cats began to purr.

The cockatoo screamed himself hoarse,
The bears began to growl,
The hyæna laughed a loud laugh
That was more like a hideous howl.

The noise they all made was so dreadful
That the donkey stopped his ears,
And shouted, " This horrible discord
Makes my hair stand on end, my dears."

The hour had now come for retiring ;
The owl said he'd business to do,
But he'd sing as a sort of a finish
" Tu whit, and tu whit, tu whoo."

Then they all of them cheered the conductor,
And wished each other good night,
And to show them the way the good glow-worm
Hung out his most brilliant light.

The concert had proved quite successful,
 And so pleased were the animals all,
 They resolved they would soon have another,
 To end with a family ball.

EDITOR.

Plaintive, sad, lamenting; e. g., she sang a plaintive song.

Personal, directed against a particular person; e. g., we should not make personal remarks.

Resolve, to make up one's mind; e. g., he resolved never to tell a lie again.

LESSON XXXIX.

THE PRISONER'S FLOWER.

beguile	occupation	Angora
solitude	remembering	conscientious
conversation	responsible	capable
gillyflower	furniture	interesting
recommending	goldfinches	allowance

A CERTAIN Count, who was in prison for a political cause, and was not allowed books or paper to beguile his solitude, found one little green plant growing up between the paving-stones of the prison yard in which he was allowed to walk. He watched it from day to day, marked the opening of the leaves and buds, and soon loved it as a friend. In dread, lest the jailer, who seemed a rough man, should crush it with his foot, he resolved to ask him to be careful of it, and this was the conversation they had on the subject:—

“As to your gillyflower”—

“Is it a gillyflower?” said the Count.

"Upon my word," said the jailer, "I know nothing about it, Sir Count; all flowers are gilly-flowers to me. But as you mention the subject, I must tell you you are rather late in recommending it to my mercy. I should have trodden on it long ago without any ill-will to you or to it, had I not remarked the tender interest you take in it, the little beauty!"

"Oh, my interest," said the Count, "is nothing out of the common."

"Oh, it's all very well; I know all about it," replied the jailer, trying to wink with a knowing look; "a man must have occupation—he must take to something; and poor prisoners have not much choice. You see, Sir Count, we have amongst our inmates men who, doubtless, were formerly important people, men who had brains—for it is not small-fry that they bring here; well, now, they occupy and amuse themselves at very little cost, I assure you. One catches flies—there's no harm in that; another carves figures on his deal table, without remembering that I am responsible for the furniture of the place."

The Count would have spoken, but he went on: "Some breed canaries and goldfinches, others little white mice. For my part, I respect their tastes to such a point, that I had a beautiful large Angora cat, with long white fur; he would leap and gambol in the prettiest way in the world, and when he rolled himself up to go to sleep, you would have said it was a sleeping muff. My wife made a great pet of him, so did I; well, I gave him away, for the birds

and mice might have tempted him, and all the cats in the world are not worth a poor prisoner's mouse."

"That was very kind of you, Mr. Jailer," replied the Count, feeling uneasy that he should be thought capable of caring for such trifles; "but this plant is for me more than an amusement."

"Never mind, if it only recalls the green boughs under which your mother nursed you in your infancy, it may overshadow half the court. Besides, my orders say nothing about it, so I shall be blind on that side. If it should grow to a tree, and be capable of assisting you in scaling the wall, that would be quite another thing. But we have time enough to think of that; have we not?" added he with a loud laugh. "Oh, if you tried to escape from the fortress!"

"What would you do?"

"What would I do! I would stop you though you might kill me; or I would have you fired at by the sentinel, with as little pity as if you were a rabbit! That is the order. But touch a leaf of your gillyflower! no, no; or put my foot on it, never! I always thought that man a perfect rascal, unworthy to be a jailer, who wickedly crushed the spider of a poor prisoner—that was a wicked action—it was a crime!"

The Count was touched and surprised. "My dear jailer," said he, "I thank you for your kindness. Yes, I confess it, this plant is to me a source of much interesting study."

"Well then, Sir Count, if your plant has done

you such good service," said the jailer, preparing to leave the cell, "you ought to be more grateful, and water it sometimes, for if I had not taken care when bringing you your allowance of water, to moisten it from time to time, the poor little flower would have died of thirst."

"One moment, my good friend," cried the Count, more and more struck at discovering so much natural delicacy under so rough an outside; "what have you been so thoughtful of my pleasures, and yet you never said a word about it? Pray, accept this little present, in remembrance of my gratitude," and he held out his silver drinking-cup.

The jailer took the cup in his hand, looking at it with a sort of curiosity. "Plants only require water, Sir Count," he said, "and one can treat them to a drink without ruining oneself. If this one amuses you, if it does you good in any way, that is quite enough;" and he went and put back the cup in its place.

The Count advanced towards the jailer, and held out his hand.

"Oh no, no!" said the latter, moving back respectfully as he spoke; "hands are only given to equals or to friends."

"Well then, be my friend."

"No, no, that cannot be, sir. One must look ahead, so as to do always to-morrow as well as to-day one's duty conscientiously. If you were my friend, and you attempted to escape, should I then have the courage to call out to the sentinel, 'fire!'

No; I am only your keeper, your jailer, and your humble servant."

Saintine's Picciola.

Beguide, make to pass pleasingly; e. g., he beguiled an hour by looking at the pictures.

Solitude, loneliness; e. g., I found him in solitude.

Occupation, employment; e. g., his only occupation was reading.

Responsible, answerable for; e. g., who is responsible for the safety of the boys?

Conscientious, possessing a high sense of duty; e. g., he acted conscientiously.

Delicacy, tenderness, consideration; e. g., the delicacy with which he did a kindness gave it a double charm.

LESSON XL.

THE FISHERMAN'S SONG.

messmates	troublesome	danger	aright
northerly	yield	everlasting	glorious
guard	passage	success	nought

COME, messmates, 'tis time to hoist our sail;
 It is fair as fair can be;
 And the ebbing tide and the northerly gale
 Will carry us out to sea.
 So down with the boat from the beach so steep;
 We must part with the setting sun;
 For ere we can spread out our nets in the deep,
 We've a weary way to run.

As through the night-watches we drift about,
 We'll think of the times that are fled,
 And of Him who once call'd other fishermen out
 To be fishers of men instead.

Like us they had hunger and cold to bear ;
Rough weather, like us, they knew ;
And He who guarded them by His care
Full often was with them too !

'Twas the fourth long watch of a stormy night,
And but little way they had made,
When He came o'er the waters and stood in their sight,
And their hearts were sore afraid ;
But He cheered their spirits, and said, It is I,
And then they could fear no harm ;
And though we cannot behold Him nigh,
He is guarding us still with His arm.

They had toiled all the night, and had taken nought.
He commanded the stormy sea ;
They let down their nets, and of fishes caught
A hundred and fifty-three,
And good success to our boat He will send,
If we trust in His mercy aright ;
For He pitieth those who at home depend
On what we shall take to-night.

And if ever in danger and fear we are toss'd
About on the stormy deep,
We'll tell how they once thought that all was lost,
When their Lord " was fast asleep :"
He saved them then—He can save us still—
For His are the winds and the sea ;
And if He is with us, we'll fear no ill,
Whatever the danger be.

Or if He see fit that our boat should sink,
By a storm or a leak, like lead,
Yet still of the glorious day we'll think,
When the sea shall yield her dead ;

For they who depart in His faith and fear,
 Shall find that their passage is short;
 From the troublesome waves that beset life here,
 To the everlasting port.

NEALE.

Messmates, fellow-fishermen, who eat at the same mess.

Hoist, raise; e. g., to hoist a flag or a sail.

Ebbing, falling; e. g., the tide is ebbing; life was fast ebbing away.

Beset, surrounded; e. g., I was beset by robbers.

Drift, to be carried along by wind or tide; e. g., we drifted before the wind.

Watch, a division of the night, during which a sailor takes his turn in keeping watch. The Jews divided the night into four watches of three hours each.

Yield, give up; e. g., the man would not yield the property which he had taken.

Passage, a sea voyage, generally a short one, e. g., the passage from Dover to Calais takes about two hours.

LESSON XLI.

THE BROWN BEAR.

approach	supply	occasions	weapon
biscuit	intestines	station	wrest
companion	peasants	narrow	motion
resume	soldier	suddenly	enough

WHEN you go to the Zoological Gardens be sure you go to see the pit where the brown bears are kept. It is quite safe to approach the top of the pit and look over the railings. In the middle there is a pole, on each side of which are nailed pieces of wood, to enable the bears to climb up it.

The first time I went to see the bears I put a piece of biscuit on the end of a long stick, and held

it out to a bear who had climbed up the pole, but he could not see it. I think he must have been partly blind. One of the bears at the bottom of the pit could see it very well, and he began to climb up the pole to get it. But each time that he tried



to do so, the bear that was already on the pole began to climb down backwards, and so prevented him from climbing up any farther.

In some very cold countries the bear supplies the natives with many of the comforts of life. The skin forms a coverlet for their beds, coverings for their

heads and hands, and leggings, which, when drawn over their shoes, keep them from slipping on the ice. The fat and the flesh are their daintiest food. The intestines are used instead of glass in the windows of their huts.

In Lapland, when a bear is found, the peasants form a wide ring round the spot where it is known to be, and gradually close in upon it. On one of these occasions an old soldier stationed himself in a narrow way where he thought the bear would be likely to pass. Before long he saw the bear right in front of him. He levelled his gun and drew the trigger, but, owing to the dampness of the morning, the gun missed fire.

What was he to do? The bear advanced upon him. He had no time to see to his gun. He had no other weapon. He made up his mind that he would try to thrust the muzzle of his gun down the bear's throat. But this was more easily planned than done. The bear soon wrested the gun out of his hands and laid him on his back. It then smelled him as he lay motionless, pretending to be dead, and left him almost unhurt. It next went to the gun, which was only a few feet away, and began to smell that.

The soldier, fearing lest his gun should be injured, stretched out one hand to lay hold of it and draw it to him. At the same time the bear seized the other end. The bear then resumed his attack on the soldier, and dreadfully wounded him. Once more the soldier pretended to be dead, and the bear lay down beside him.

In a short time the other peasants came up, and to their horror saw the bear lying on the body of the soldier. They were at first afraid to fire upon it, for fear of shooting the man, but before long the bear withdrew, and as it retreated was shot dead.

The bear has a very stumpy tail, and this is the old story which is told to account for it. Formerly the bear had a long tail, but one day he met a fox carrying a string of fish. "Where did you get those fish?" said the bear. "I have been out fishing," replied the fox. "And how do you catch them?" said the bear. "O, it is the easiest thing in the world," replied the fox. "You go on the ice, cut a hole in it, and drop your tail into the water. In a short time you feel your tail smarting, and that is a sure sign the fish are biting. Don't mind the smart; the longer you leave your tail in, the more fish you catch. When you think that you have as much as you want, pull your tail out suddenly, before the fish can get loose." Well, the bear did as he was told, and kept his tail in the hole so long that it was frozen in quite fast. When he thought that he had caught enough, he tried to pull his tail out suddenly, just as the fox had told him, but the ice held it so fast that it snapped quite short, and he has had a stumpy tail ever since.

EDITOR.

Approach, draw near; e. g., the boat approached the land.

Resume, take up again; e. g., after a pause he resumed his speech.

Wrest, take away by violence; e. g., he wrested the stick out of my hand.

Peasant, a country labourer; e. g., a peasant may be as happy as a peer.

LESSON XLII.

THE PLAGUE AMONG THE ANIMALS.

undisturbed	appetite	sensitive	quarrelsome
miserable	gluttonous	majesty	trespass
guilty	conscience	leopard	innocent
abominable	depraved	criminal	punish

ONCE on a time there was a dreadful plague among the animals. They did not all die of it, but they were all seized with it. They were so ill that they no longer went out in search of food. The most dainty food could not tempt them to eat. The wolf looked at the little lamb, but did not offer to touch it. The fox saw a great goose at his feet, but left her to cackle undisturbed. The hawk looked at the sparrows, but could not soar up in the air to swoop down on them. Even the doves fled from each other, and the whole animal kingdom was very sad and miserable.

At last the lion called a council of the animals, and said, "My dear friends, I believe that this sad plague has been sent us because we have been so wicked, and that we shall never be healed until the most guilty among us has been put to death. Now which of us is the most guilty? Do not let us deceive ourselves or conceal our faults; but let us honestly confess the wicked deeds we have done."

"As for me," said the lion, "I am bound to say that, in order to satisfy my gluttonous appetite, I have, in my time, devoured a great many sheep. Indeed, it has sometimes happened that I have

devoured a shepherd, too. If it should turn out that I am the most guilty among us, I am willing to die that the rest of you may be spared. At the same time I think that each one of us should own his faults as I have; for, of course, justice requires that the most guilty should die."

"Sire," said the fox, who was a sneaking flatterer, "you are too good a king; your conscience is too sensitive. To eat a parcel of stupid sheep, who, most likely, had not a wise head among them,—can that be a sin? No, no. You did them very much honour, your majesty, in taking so much notice of them, and in troubling yourself to crunch them. And as to the shepherds, everybody knows that they deserve anything that could happen to them; for they belong to that race of animals which claims to rule over all of us. They would not spare you, your majesty, if you had fallen into their hands." "Nor me either," said the wolf.

All the flatterers of the lion said "Hear, hear," and quite agreed with the fox.

Nobody dared to inquire too closely about the offences of the tiger, the leopard, the bear, and the other larger animals. All the quarrelsome creatures, even to the mastiffs, were, according to their own account, the most harmless and innocent animals in the world. The tiger, who had killed three men the day before, said he occasionally ran up against a bullock, but as to killing one on purpose, unless it was trespassing in his jungle, he would not think of it.

The ass came in his turn, and said, "I remember

that, as I was once passing through a field, being very hungry, and seeing some beautiful green grass by the wayside, I stooped down and ate a mouthful of it. It was not my own, and I have had it on my mind ever since."

As soon as the other animals heard this, they all shouted out, "O, what a horrid wretch! O, what a thief! No wonder we have the plague." A wolf, who was a bit of a lawyer, got up and, in a long speech, proved that the ass was the most depraved and criminal of animals, and that his offence ought to be punished with death. To eat another person's grass! Who could find words to describe such a crime? It was abominable. It could not be endured. The ass must die. And they put the ass to death.

But the plague did not stop.

Adapted from La Fontaine.

Abominable, very hateful; e. g., his conduct was abominable.

Conscience, the faculty by which we know right from wrong; e. g., his conscience told him he had done wrong.

Depraved, wicked; e. g., he had become depraved by going about with bad companions.

Sensitive, quick to feel, e. g., he is sensitive to slights.

LESSON XLIII.

“GOD KNOWS.”

emigrant	awful	fragile	cruel
harbour	minute-gun	sculptor	escape
silence	athwart	carven	marble

OH! wild and dark was the winter night,
 When the emigrant ship went down,
 But just outside the harbour bar,
 In sight of the startled town!
 The winds howled, and the sea roared,
 And never a soul could sleep,
 Save the little ones on their mothers' breasts,
 Too young to watch and weep.

No boat could live in the angry surf,
 No rope could reach the land;
 There were bold, brave hearts upon the shore
 There was many a ready hand:
 Women who prayed, and men who strove
 When prayers and work were vain—
 For the sun rose over the awful void
 And the silence of the main!

All day the watchers paced the sands—
 All day they scanned the deep;
 All night the booming minute-guns
 Echoed from steep to steep.
 “Give up the dead, O cruel sea!”
 They cried athwart the space;
 But only a baby's fragile form
 Escaped from its stern embrace!

Only one little child of all
 Who with the ship went down,
 That night, when the happy babies slept
 So warm in the sheltered town!

Wrapped in the glow of the morning light,
 It lay on the shifting sand,
 As fair as the sculptor's marble dream,
 With a shell in its dimpled hand.

There were none to tell of its race or kin,
 "God knoweth," the pastor said,
 When the sobbing children crowded to ask
 The name of the baby dead.
 And so when they laid it away at last
 In the churchyard's hushed repose,
 They raised a stone at the baby's head
 With the carven words—"God knows!"

JULIA P. K. DOBB.

Emigrant, a person who leaves his own country to settle in some other; e. g., the ship was laden with emigrants.

Bar, a shoal at the mouth of a harbour.

Minute-guns, guns that are fired every minute as signals of distress; e. g., at intervals we could hear the minute-guns.

Athwart, across; e. g., it lay athwart the path.

Fragile, frail, delicate; e. g., a fragile shell lay on the sand.

LESSON XLIV.

THE KING OF THE HOOPOES.

genii	rebellious	memorial	merops
obedient	delicately	obeisance	Issachar
sufficient	emerald	councillor	shekel
sovereign	diamond	ostrich	destiny
cabalistic	subservient	veracious	unfrequented

IN the days of King Solomon, the son of David, who, by the virtue of his cabalistic seal, reigned supreme over genii as well as men, and who could speak the languages of animals of all kinds, all created beings

were obedient to his will. Now, when the king wanted to travel, he made use, for his convenience, of a carpet of a square form. This carpet had the property of extending itself to a sufficient size to carry a whole army, with the tents and baggage; but at other times it could be reduced so as to be only large enough for the support of the royal throne, and of those ministers whose duty it was to attend upon the person of the sovereign. Four genii of the air then took the four corners of the carpet, and carried it with its contents wherever King Solomon desired. Once the king was on a journey in the air, carried upon his throne of ivory, over the various nations of the earth. The rays of the sun poured down upon his head, and he had nothing to protect him from its heat. The fiery beams were beginning to scorch his neck and shoulders, when he saw a flock of vultures flying past. "O vultures!" cried King Solomon, "Come and fly between me and the sun, and make a shadow with your wings to protect me, for its rays are scorching my neck and my face." But the vultures answered, and said, "We are flying to the north, and your face is turned towards the south. We desire to continue on our way; and be it known unto thee, O king! that we will not turn back on our flight; neither will we fly above your throne to protect you from the sun, although its rays may be scorching your neck and face." Then King Solomon lifted up his voice, and said, "Cursed be ye, O vultures! and because ye will not obey the commands of your lord, who rules over the whole world, the

feathers of your neck shall fall off; and the heat of the sun, and the cold of the winter, and the keenness of the wind, and the beating of the rain, shall fall upon your rebellious necks, which shall not be protected with feathers like the necks of other birds. And whereas ye have hitherto fared delicately, henceforward ye shall eat carrion and feed upon offal; and your race shall be impure till the end of the world." And it was done unto the vultures, as King Solomon had said.

Now it fell out, that there was a flock of hoopoes flying past, and the king cried out to them, and said, "O hoopoes! Come and fly between me and the sun, that I may be protected from its rays by the shadow of your wings." Whereupon the king of the hoopoes answered, and said, "O king, we are but little fowls, and we are not able to afford much shade; but we will gather our nation together, and by our numbers we will make up for our small size." So the hoopoes gathered together, and, flying in a cloud over the throne of the king, they sheltered him from the rays of the sun.

When the journey was over, and King Solomon sat upon his golden throne, in his palace of ivory, whereof the doors were emerald, and the windows of diamonds, larger even than the diamonds of Jemshid, he commanded that the king of the hoopoes should stand before his feet. "Now," said King Solomon, "for the service that thou and thy race have rendered, and the obedience thou hast shown to the king, thy lord and master, what shall be done unto thee, O hoopoe? and what shall be given to the

hoopoes of thy race, for a memorial and a reward?" Now the king of the hoopoes was confused with the great honour of standing before the feet of the king; and, making his obeisance, and laying his right claw upon his heart, he said, "O king, live for ever! Let a day be given to thy servant to consider with his queen and his councillors, what it shall be that the king shall give unto us for a reward." And King Solomon said, "Be it so." And it was so.

But the king of the hoopoes flew away; and he went to his queen, who was a dainty hen, and told her what had happened, and he desired her advice as to what they should ask of the king for a reward. And he called together his council, and they sat upon a tree, and they each of them desired a different thing. Some wished for a long tail; some wished for blue and green feathers; some wished to be as large as ostriches; some wished for one thing, and some for another; and they debated till the going down of the sun, but they could not agree together. Then the queen took the king of the hoopoes apart, and said to him, "My dear lord and husband, listen to my words; and, as we have preserved the head of King Solomon, let us ask for crowns of gold on our heads, that we may be superior to all other birds." And the words of the queen and the princesses her daughters prevailed; and the king of the hoopoes presented himself before the throne of Solomon, and desired of him, that all hoopoes should wear golden crowns upon their heads. Then Solomon said, "Hast thou considered well what it is that thou desirest?" And the hoopoe

said, "I have considered well, and we desire to have golden crowns upon our heads." So Solomon replied, "Crowns of gold shall ye have; but, behold, thou art a foolish bird. And when the evil days shall come upon thee, and thou seest the folly of thy heart, return hither to me, and I will give thee help." So the king of the hoopoes left the presence of King Solomon with a golden crown upon his head. And all the hoopoes had golden crowns, and they were exceeding proud and haughty. Moreover, they went down by the lakes and the pools, and walked by the margin of the water, that they might admire themselves as it were in a glass. And the queen of the hoopoes gave herself airs, and sat upon a twig; and she refused to speak to the merops, her cousins, and the other birds who had been her friends, because they were but vulgar birds, and she wore a golden crown upon her head.

Now there was a certain fowler, who set traps for birds; and he put a piece of a broken mirror into his trap, and a hoopoe, that went in to admire itself, was caught. And the fowler looked at it, and saw the shining crown upon its head; so he wrung off its head, and took the crown to Issachar, the son of Jacob, the worker in metal, and he asked him what it was. So Issachar, the son of Jacob, said, "It is a crown of brass." And he gave the fowler a quarter of a shekel for it, and desired him, if he found any more, to bring them to him, and to tell no man thereof. So the fowler caught some more hoopoes, and sold their crowns to Issachar, the son of Jacob; until one day he met another man who was a

jeweller, and he showed him several of the hoopoes' crowns. Whereupon the jeweller told him they were of pure gold, and he gave the fowler a talent of gold for four of them.

Now, when the value of these crowns was known, the fame of them got abroad, and in all the land of Israel was heard the twang of bows, and the whirling of slings; birdlime was made in every town; and the price of traps rose in the market, so that the fortune of the trap-makers increased.

Not a hoopoe could show its head, but it was slain or taken captive, and the days of the hoopoes were numbered. Then their minds were filled with sorrow and dismay, and before long few were left to bewail their cruel destiny.

At last, flying by stealth through the most un-frequented places, the unhappy king of the hoopoes went to the court of King Solomon, and stood again before the steps of the golden throne, and with tears and groans related the misfortunes which had happened to his race.

So King Solomon looked kindly upon the king of the hoopoes, and said unto him, "Behold, did I not warn thee of thy folly, in desiring to have crowns of gold? Vanity and pride have been thy ruin. But now, that a memorial may remain of the service which thou didst render unto me, your crowns of gold shall be changed into crowns of feathers, that you may walk unharmed upon the earth." Now when the fowlers saw that the hoopoes no longer wore crowns of gold upon their heads, they ceased from the persecution of their race; and from that

time forth the family of the hoopoes have flourished and increased, and have continued in peace even to the present day.

And here endeth the veracious history of the king of the hoopoes.

*Curzon's (Lord Zouche) Monasteries of the Levant.**

Genii, imaginary beings between men and angels.

Carion, the dead and putrefying flesh of animals.

Offal, those parts of an animal which are thrown away.

Cabalistic, mysterious; e.g., the ring was carved with cabalistic marks.

Emerald, a precious stone of a green colour.

Diamond, a precious stone, generally colourless, and of great brilliance.

Obeisance, an act of reverence, as a bow or a courtesy.

Veracious, truthful; e.g., his story was not veracious.

Merops, a class of birds that feed on bees.

Destiny, fate; e.g., it is well for us that we do not know our destiny.

LESSON XLV.

THE WOLF.

perilous	pedestrian	hesitation	apprehension
adventure	pursuit	unaccustomed	preservation
experience	extremity	redoubled	companion

A PERILOUS adventure once befell my brother-in-law, James. He was a bold, brave boy, of ten years old at the time, and was on his return home with a pair of oxen, with which he had been assisting a neighbour, residing about six miles from his father's house. His road lay by the river shore, which was

* Inserted by the kind permission of Lord Zouche and Mr. Murray.

dreary enough in the fall of the year, and at the evening hour; but the child was fearless, and saw the deepening shades sink into night without experiencing anything like apprehension.

He was trudging on steadily, singing cheerfully as he walked, when a sound came on the night air, that sent a shiver through the young pedestrian's frame—the war-cry of the wolves. At first, he hoped he was not the object of pursuit; but the hideous uproar came nearer and nearer, and then he knew that he must instantly adopt some plan for his escape.

His route lay by the river shore, and he could swim well; but the night was dark, and he might be hurried into the rapids; and to be dashed to pieces on the rocks was scarcely less dreadful than to be mangled and devoured by wolves. In this extremity, the child lifted up his brave young heart to God, and resolved to use the only chance left him of escape. So he mounted Buck, the near-ox, making use of his goad, shouting at the same time to the animal to excite him to his utmost speed.

In most cases, the horned steed would have flung off his rider, and left him for wolves' meat without hesitation; but Buck set off with the speed of a race-horse, as if fully aware of his young rider's peril. Nor was his companion less active. Fast, however, as the trio fled, still faster came on the yelling pack behind; and James could ever hear

*“Their long hard gallop, which could tire
The hounds' deep hate and hunters' fire.”*

Fortunately for him, old Buck heard it too, and

galloped on and on; but still the wolves came nearer and nearer; James shouted to keep them off; the oxen almost flying; their chains rattling as they went. This clanking sound, to which the hateful pack were unaccustomed, made them pause whenever they came close upon the oxen, whilst the latter redoubled their speed, till at length these gallant racers left the wolves behind; and never stopped till they had brought the brave little fellow to his own door.

He had felt afraid but once, and that was when those dismal yells first broke upon his ear, but he never lost his presence of mind. He trusted in God, and used the means within his reach for preservation, and arrived safe at last. Few boys would have displayed so much sense and spirit; but the boy is almost always the father of the man; and what James was then, he is now.

MAJOR STRICKLAND.

Perilous, dangerous; e. g., we had a perilous journey.

Apprehension, fear, anxiety; e. g., our minds were filled with apprehensions about the sick man.

Pedestrian, a person on foot; **equestrian**, a person on horseback.

Extremity, a time of utmost need; e. g., in his extremity he did not know what to do.

LESSON XLVI.

THE SALE OF THE PET LAMB.

nestle	household	gaunt	mournfully
family	threshold	subdue	feigning
sorrowful	piteously	impotent	despair

A THOUSAND flocks were on the hills,

A thousand flocks and more,

Feeding in sunshine pleasantly :

They were the rich man's store.

There was the while one little lamb

Beside a cottage door ;

A little lamb that rested

With the children 'neath the tree ;

That ate, meek creature, from their hands,

And nestled to their knee ;

That had a place within their hearts—

One of the family.

But want, even as an armed man,

Came down upon their shed :

The father laboured all day long

That his children might be fed ;

And, one by one, their household things

Were sold to buy them bread.

That father, with a downcast eye,

Upon his threshold stood ;

Gaunt poverty each pleasant thought

Had in his heart subdued.

“ What is the creature's life to us ? ”

Said he ; “ 'twill buy us food.

“ Ay, though the children weep all day,

And with down-drooping head

Each does his small task mournfully,

The hungry must be fed ;

And that which has a price to bring

Must go to buy us bread.”

It went. Oh, parting has a pang
 The hardest heart to wring ;
 But the tender soul of a little child
 With fervent love doth cling,
 With love that hath no feignings false,
 Unto each gentle thing.

Therefore most sorrowful it was
 Those children small to see ;
 Most sorrowful to hear them plead
 For the lamb so piteously :
 " O mother dear, it loveth us !
 And what besides have we ? "

" Let's take him to the broad green hill,"
 In his impotent despair,
 Said one strong boy—" let's take him off,
 The hills are wide and fair ;
 I know a little hiding-place,
 And we shall keep him there. "

Oh, vain !—They took the little lamb,
 And straightway tied him down ;
 With a strong cord they tied him fast,
 And o'er the common brown,
 And o'er the hot and flinty roads,
 They took him to the town.

The little children through that day,
 And throughout all the morrow,
 From everything about the house
 A mournful thought did borrow ;
 The very bread they had to eat
 Was food unto their sorrow.

MARY HOWITT.

Nestle, lie close ; e. g., the baby nestled in her mother's bosom.
Gaunt, thin, spare ; e. g., a gaunt old man was in the bed.
Subdue, overcome ; e. g., the Britons were subdued by the Romans.
Feign, pretend ; e. g., the beggar feigned to be lame.
Impotent, powerless ; e. g., he was impotent to do harm.
Despair, hopelessness ; e. g., she was in utter despair.

LESSON XLVII.

MY MONKEYS—"THE HAG" AND "TINY."

affectionate	disagreeable	attempted	sardines
species	zoological	quinine	cupboard
original	skeleton	intelligent	language
salmon	Australian	convenient	mischief

If monkeys are kindly treated, they will be found most affectionate animals. They have so many ideas



in common with our own species that, in my opinion, they are the most interesting of all pets. I have two monkeys, of whom I am exceedingly fond.

Their names are "The Hag" and "Tiny." The Hag's original name was "Fanny"; but she has so much the character of a disagreeable old woman about her, that I call her "The Hag." Tiny is a very little monkey indeed, not much bigger than a large rat. My friend Bartlett brought her to me from the Zoological Gardens as a dead monkey; she was "as good as dead"—a perfect skeleton, and with but little hair on her. She arrived tied up in an old canvas bag. I put her into The Hag's cage. The old lady at once "took to her," and instantly began the office of nurse: she cuddled up poor Tiny in her arms,—made faces and showed her teeth at anybody who attempted to touch her. Tiny had port-wine negus, quinine wine, beef-tea, egg and milk—in fact, anything she could eat; and The Hag always allowed her to have "first pull" at whatever was put into the cage. In time Tiny stood up, then began to run, her hair all came again, and she is now one of the most wicked, intelligent, pretty little beasts that ever committed an act of theft. Steal? Why, her whole life is devoted to stealing, for the pure love of the thing.

The moment I come down to breakfast I let out the monkeys. I keep a box of sardines specially for The Hag, who immediately helps herself, and sits on the table grunting with pleasure as she licks her oily fingers. The moment Tiny is let loose she steals whatever is on the table, and it is great fun to see her snatch off the red-herring from the plate and run off with it to the top of the book-shelves. While I am getting down my herring, Tiny goes to

the breakfast-table again, and, if she can, steals the egg; this she tucks under her arm and bolts away, running on her hind legs. This young lady has of late been rather shy of eggs, as she once stole one that was quite hot, and burnt herself. She cried out, and The Hag left off eating sardines, shook her tail violently, and opened her mouth at me, as much as to say, "You dare hurt my Tiny!" If I keep too sharp a look-out upon Miss Tiny, she will run like a rabbit across the table and upset what she can. She generally tries the sugar first, as she can then steal a bit, or she will just put her hand on the milk-jug and pull it over. If she cannot get at the sugar-basin or milk-jug, she will kick at them with her hind legs—just like a horse—and knock them over as she passes.

Tiny and The Hag sometimes go out stealing together. They climb up my coat and search all the pockets. I generally carry a great many cedar pencils; the monkeys take these out and bite off the cut ends; but the great treat is to pick and pick at the door of a glass cupboard till it is open, then to get in and drink the hair-oil, which they know is there. Any new thing that comes they *must* examine, and when a hamper comes I let the monkeys unpack it, especially if I know it contains game. They pull out the straw a bit at a time, peep under the paper, and run off crying, in their own language, "Look out, there's something alive in the basket!"

The performance generally ends by their upsetting the basket, and if they turn out a hare they both set to work and "look fleas" in the hare's fur. I once

received a snake in a basket, and I let the monkeys unpack it; they have a mortal horror of a snake. When they found out the contents of the hamper, they were off in double-quick time, crying "Murder! thieves!" and it was a long time before they would come down from behind the casts of salmon on the top of the book-shelves.

There is no trouble to catch the monkeys. I have only to open the door of their cage, and say, "Cage! cage! go into your cage! quick march!" and they go in instantly, like the good beasts they really are. The parrot has caught up these words, and, when the monkeys are running about, cries often out, "Cage! cage! go into your cage!" but the little wretches do not care for old Poll. They sometimes attack her. Tiny steals her seed, and while she is pecking at the little thing The Hag will pull her tail from behind. Luckily, the monkeys are afraid of a stuffed Australian animal that hangs in my room. When I have any specimens or bottles that I do not want the monkeys to touch, I simply set down the "bogie" to act as sentry, as I know the monkeys will not come near it.

Tiny is very attentive to The Hag, and cries bitterly if she is taken from her. She takes great liberties with her—climbing up by means of her tail when it hangs down in a convenient rope-like manner. She also takes much of the products of her thieving to The Hag's cage when she is shut up, and pokes papers through the bars of the cage. These the old thing tears up into shreds to pass away time.

Although my monkeys do considerable mischief, yet I let them do it. I am amply rewarded by their funny and affectionate ways. If any of my readers have monkeys, and want to get them tame, they should give them the run of the room, and let them out at meal times to eat and pick what they like. Summer and winter they should wear green-baize jackets.

F. BUCKLAND.

Negus, a drink made of wine, water, sugar, and lemon juice.

So called from its first maker, Colonel *Negus*.

Species, kind. "Our own species" means mankind.

Original, first; e. g., Tom was the original owner.

Quinine wine, a medicinal wine.

Sardines, a small fish caught off the coast of France, and preserved in oil.

Cast, a copy in plaster; e. g., I have a cast of a fish.

LESSON XLVIII.

GRANNY'S STORY.

memory	murky	heartsome	signal
defiance	rescue	thanksgiving	weighed
sweethearts	tempest	laughter	balance

Yes, lads, I'm a poor old body;
 My wits are not over clear;
 I can't remember the day of the week,
 And scarcely the time of year.
 But one thing is down in my memory,
 So deep it is sure to stay;
 It was long ago, but it all comes back,
 As if it had happened to-day.

Here, stand by the window, laddies,
Do you see, away to the right,
A long black line on the water,
Topped with a crest of white?
That is the reef Defiance,
Where the good ship Gaspereau,
Beat out her life in the breakers,
Just fifty-six years ago.

I mind 't was a raw Thanksgiving,*
The sleet drove sharp as knives,
And most of us here at the harbour
Were sailors' sweethearts and wives.
But I had my goodman beside me,
And everything tidy and bright;
When, all of a sudden, a signal
Shot up through the murky night.

And a single gun in the darkness
Boomed over and over again,
As if it bors in its awful tone
The shrieks of women and men.
And down to the rocks we crowded,
Facing the icy rain,
Praying the Lord to be their aid,
Since human help was vain.

Then my goodman stooped and kissed me,
And said, "It is but to die:
Who goes with me to the rescue?"
And six noble lads cried, "I!"
And crouching there in the tempest,
Hiding our faces away,
We heard them row into the blackness,
And what could we do but pray?

* Thanksgiving. A day set apart in America for thanking God for His great mercies.

So long, when at last we heard them
 Cheering faint off the shore,
 I thought I had died and gone to heaven,
 And all my trouble was o'er.
 And the white-faced women and children
 Seemed like ghosts in my sight,
 As the boats, weighed down to the water,
 Came tossing into the light.

Eh, that was a heartsome Thanksgiving,
 With sobbing and laughter and prayers:
 Our lads with their brown, dripping faces,
 And not a face missing from theirs.
 For you never can know how much dearer
 The one you love dearest can be,
 Till you've had him come back to you safely
 From out of the jaws of the sea.

And little we cared that the breakers
 Were tearing the ship in their hold,
 There are things, if you weigh them fairly,
 Will balance a mint of gold.
 And even the bearded captain
 Said, "Now let the good ship go,
 Since never a soul that sailed with me
 Goes down in the Gaspereau."*

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Murky, dark, gloomy; e. g., the sky looked murky.

Heartsome, hearty, sincere; e. g., I liked to hear his heartsome laughter.

Boom, make a great noise like the sound of a cannon.

* Gaspereau. Pronounce Gas-per-o.

LESSON XLIX.

ADVENTURES WITH A BEAR.

position	evidently	cowardice	melancholy
occupied	meditative	panic-stricken	encampment
actually	horrified	sensibility	infuriated
prostrate	hesitation	appearance	Arrowhead

THE position which Heywood occupied was rather dangerous. The tree lay on the edge of an overhanging bank of clay, about ten feet above the water, which was deep and rapid at that place. At first the young man sat down on the tree-trunk near its root, but after a time, finding the position not quite to his mind, he changed it, and went close to the edge of the bank. He was so much occupied with his drawing, that he did not observe that the ground on which his feet rested actually overhung the stream. As his weight rested on the fallen tree, however, he remained there safe enough and busy for half an hour.

At the end of that time he was disturbed by a noise in the bushes. Looking up, he beheld a large brown bear coming straight towards him. Evidently the bear did not see him, for it was coming slowly and lazily along, with a quiet, meditative expression on its face. The appearance of the animal was so sudden and unexpected, that poor Heywood's heart almost leaped into his mouth. His face grew deadly pale, his long hair almost rose on his head with terror, and he was utterly unable to move hand or foot.

In another moment the bear was within three yards of him, and, being taken by surprise, it immediately rose on its hind legs, which is the custom of bears when about to make or receive an attack. It stared for a moment at the horrified artist.



Let not my reader think that Heywood's feelings were due to cowardice. The bravest of men have been panic-stricken when taken by surprise. The young man had never seen a bear before, except in a cage, and the difference between a caged and a free bear is very great. Besides, when a rough-looking monster of this kind comes unexpectedly on a man

who is unarmed, and has no chance of escape, and rises on its hind legs, as if to let him have a full view of its enormous size, its great strength, and its ugly appearance, he may well be excused for feeling a little uncomfortable, and looking somewhat uneasy.

When the bear rose, as I have said, Heywood's courage returned. His first act was to fling his sketch-book in Bruin's face, and then, uttering a loud yell, he sprang to his feet, intending to run away. But the violence of his action broke off the earth under his feet. He dropped into the river like a lump of lead, and was whirled away in a moment!

What that bear thought when it saw the man vanish from the spot like a ghost, of course I cannot tell. It certainly *looked* surprised, and, if it was a bear of ordinary sensibility, it must undoubtedly have *felt* astonished. At any rate, after standing there, gazing for nearly a minute in mute amazement at the spot where Heywood had disappeared, it let itself down on its fore-legs, and, turning round, walked slowly back into the bushes.

Poor Heywood could not swim, so the river did what it pleased with him. After sweeping him out into the middle of the stream, and rolling him over five or six times, and whirling him round in an eddy close to the land, and dragging him out again into the main current, and sending him struggling down a rapid, it threw him at last, like a bundle of old clothes, on a shallow, where he managed to get on his feet, and staggered to the shore in a most melancholy plight. Thereafter he returned to the encampment, like a drowned rat, with his long hair

plastered to his thin face, and his soaked garments clinging tightly to his slender body. Had he been able to see himself at that moment, he would have laughed, but, not being able to see himself, and feeling very miserable, he sighed and shuddered with cold, and then set to work to kindle a fire and dry himself.

Meanwhile the bear continued its walk up the river. Arrowhead, after a time, lost the track of the bear he was in search of, and, believing that it was too late to follow it up further that night, he turned about, and began to retrace his steps. Not long after that, he and the bear met face to face. Of course, the Indian's gun was levelled in an instant, but the meeting was so sudden, that the aim was not so true as usual, and, although the ball mortally wounded the animal, it did not kill him outright.

There was no time to reload, so Arrowhead dropped his gun and ran. He doubled as he ran, and made for the encampment; but the bear ran faster. It was soon at the Indian's heels. Knowing that further flight was useless, Arrowhead drew the hatchet that hung at his belt, and, turning round, faced the infuriated animal, which instantly rose on its hind legs and closed with him.

The Indian met it with a tremendous blow of his axe, seized it by the throat with his left hand, and endeavoured to repeat the blow. But brave and powerful though he was, the Indian was like a mere child in the paw of the bear. The axe descended with a crash on the monster's head, and sank into

its skull. But bears are notoriously hard to kill. This one scarcely seemed to feel the blow. Next instant Arrowhead was down, and, with its claws fixed in the man's back, the bear held him down, while it began to gnaw the fleshy part of his left shoulder.

No cry escaped from the prostrate hunter. He determined to lie perfectly still, as if he were dead, that being his only chance of escape; but the animal was furious, and there is little doubt that the Indian's brave spirit would soon have fled, had not God mercifully sent Jasper Derry to his relief.

That stout hunter had been near at hand when the shot was fired. He at once ran in the direction whence the sound came, and arrived on the scene of the struggle just as Arrowhead fell. Without a moment's hesitation he dropped on one knee, took a quick but careful aim and fired. The ball entered the bear's head just behind the ear and rolled it over dead!

Arrowhead's first act on rising was to seize the hand of his deliverer, and in a tone of deep feeling exclaimed, "My brother!"

"Ay," said Jasper with a quiet smile, as he reloaded his gun; "this is not the first time that you and I have helped one another in the nick of time, Arrowhead; we shall be brothers, and good friends to boot, I hope, as long as we live."

"Good," said the Indian, a smile lighting up for one moment his usually grave features.

"But my brother is wounded, let me see," said Jasper.

“It will soon be well,” said the Indian carelessly, as he took off his coat and sat down on the bank, while the white hunter examined his wounds.

This was all that was said on the subject by these two men. They were used to danger in every form, and had often saved each other from sudden death. The Indian’s wounds, though painful, were trifling. Jasper dressed them in silence, and then, drawing his long hunting-knife, he skinned and cut up the bear, while his companion lay down on the bank, smoked his pipe, and looked on. Having cut off the best parts of the carcass for supper, the hunters returned to the canoe, carrying the skin along with them.*

R. M. BALLANTYNE.

Prostrate, lying at length on the ground; e. g., he lay prostrate on the floor.

Evidently, clearly; e. g., he was evidently ill.

Meditative, thoughtful; e. g., John was a meditative child.

Panic-stricken, struck with unreasoning terror.

Melancholy, sad, despondent; e. g., she was of a melancholy disposition.

Infuriated, enraged; e. g., the infuriated bull turned upon us.

LESSON L.

BETTER.

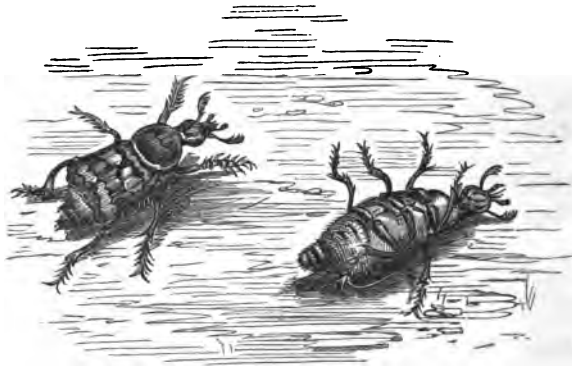
indigo	delicate	magnify	destructive
powdery	protection	recommend	devour
examine	burrow	cock-chaffer	bury
several	surface	enormous	conceal

I WAS walking in the park this afternoon, and found a beautiful beetle lying on his back on the road-

* Inserted by the kind permission of Messrs. Nelson and Sons.

side. He was moving his legs backwards and forwards in the air, and trying to turn himself over, but seemed quite unable to get on his legs. I was much struck with his beautiful colour. On his under side he was of a dark indigo blue, which gleamed in the light like a piece of coal. When I turned him over I saw that his upper side was of a dark powdery green colour, not so bright and shining as the other side.

As I wished to examine him more closely, I took out a letter from my pocket and made a little box of it, in which I carried him safely home. The first thing I did with him was to draw him. Here he is, as he lay on his back :—



and here he is as he tried to scamper away when I put him on his legs.

I now examined him more closely and found that he had, like most true insects, six legs and four wings. At first I could see only two wings, which

were of a hard, horny nature; but by and by he put out two fine delicate wings, which he had kept folded up under the outside wings. These outside wings are not suited for flight, but are used as a sheath or case for the protection of the true wings.

The body is composed of three parts—the head, the chest, and the hind part. In the head are placed two eyes, each of which is composed of a number of little eyes. From near the eyes stick out two horns, or feelers, as they are sometimes called. These horns have mostly eleven joints.

To the chest are fixed the legs and wings. The legs differ according to the habits of the beetle, some being formed for running, others for swimming, others for burrowing, others for jumping.

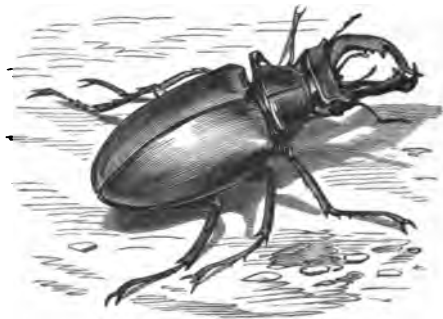
Beetles vary very much in size, some being six inches long, others not larger than this full stop. Is it not wonderful that a little creature so small should have such a perfect body? Though you could scarcely see it with your naked eye, you would find, if you looked at it under a magnifying glass, that it had the same number of parts as a large beetle. There are altogether about 120,000 different sorts of beetles, of which 3600 are found in Britain. Some live underground and feed on plants, insects, and bodies that have begun to decay; others live in trees; others in the water.

The stag-beetle is the largest beetle found in this country, and is often two inches long. It lies concealed in the day time, but flies abroad towards night. You will see an illustration of one on the next page.

What a grand pair of horns he has! His jaws

are very strong. If you ever catch one, I would recommend you not to let him get hold of your finger.

The cock-chafer or dor-beetle is very common in this country. Its eggs are laid in the ground. The grubs that come out are four years in reaching the state of beetles. They are very destructive to the roots of the grass and wheat, and were it not for the immense numbers of them devoured by rooks and magpies, and other birds, would do great



damage. Some boys treat the cock-chafer very cruelly. I hope you never do, for beetles feel pain, just as you and I do, though, perhaps, not so keenly.

There is one beetle found in this country which rolls up each of its eggs in a little ball of dung, and buries it about three feet below the surface of the ground. It rolls these little balls along with its hind feet, pushing backwards, and sometimes

you may see two or three helping one another to get one of the balls over some rough surface.

The carrion beetle lives upon the dead bodies of animals, which it carefully buries in the earth. I have read of a pair of these beetles, who were watched burying a linnet. They first dug out the earth from under the bird and heaped it all round. Then they covered the bird over. From time to time they continued to dig beneath the bird, until at last it had sunk several inches below the surface.

Very lately we have heard a great deal about the Colorado beetle, which is a small yellow beetle with black stripes. It is found in enormous numbers in some parts of America, where it does great injury to the potato crops.

EDITOR.

Indigo, a blue dye made from a plant which grows in India.

Magnify, to enlarge; e. g., spectacles magnify objects.

Enormous, very large; e. g., the population of London is enormous.

LESSON LI.

THE SAVINGS-BANK.

innocent	family	money
pleasure	clothing	parent
relieve	receive	foolish

I.

I LIKE to see boys enjoying themselves in an innocent way, and, if they have money given to them, I do not mind their spending some of it; but I do not like to see them spend it foolishly, and I often

L

think that they would be wiser if they were to save their money in the bank.

They may want it some day to buy things that would give them much more pleasure than cakes and lollipops and brandy-balls and the other things, on which they spend so much of their money. What a pleasure it would be to them, too, to have some money to give their parents, when they were sick and in distress!

Tom Smith could never keep a penny. As soon as he had one given to him, it seemed to burn a hole in his pocket. He could not be happy until it was spent, and very often, when he really wanted some money, he had none to fall back upon. Harry Jenkins used to save his money. He had a little money jar, and as soon as he had any money given to him he used to put it in the jar. As soon as the jar got a little heavy, Harry took the money out, and his father put it in the bank for him.

If Harry wanted to see the wild-beast show, when it came to the town, he could afford to go and see it. If he wanted to buy a book he had the money by him. If he heard of some sad tale of distress he could give something to relieve it. Once his father was out of work for a long time, and, as no wages were coming into the house, his mother found it a hard matter to provide the family with food and clothing. One day Harry said to her, "Mother, dear, I know that you have not much money now; I have a good deal in the bank. I wish you would use it. It would please me a great deal more to give it you, than to save it for myself. Besides, it

was from you and father that most of it came; and, if it were a hundred times as much, I could never repay you for all your kindness to me." His mother kissed him and allowed him to get the money from the bank. She was very glad of it, but, before long, her husband got work again, and one of the first things he did, when he received his wages, was to pay into the bank the money which Harry had taken out.

Innocent, free from guilt; e. g., he was innocent of the charge.

Believe, to aid; e. g., we should relieve the poor and helpless.

LESSON LII.

THE SAVINGS-BANK.

apprentice	honourably	borrow
bargain	debt	charitable
tongue	thousands	suffice

II.

BEFORE Harry had left school he had saved enough money to pay a watchmaker to take him as an apprentice. He did not earn much wages as an apprentice, but he always managed to save something out of his pocket-money. In this way he saved enough to pay his fees at an evening class where drawing was taught, and when the summer came he was able to go to the seaside for a week to see his uncle.

When he grew up to be a young man he got much larger wages, and saved as much as a pound a week. One day he was going to his work, when one

of his mates said to him, "Won't you have a glass of ale before you go into the shop? It is only three half-pence." Harry very foolishly went with him into a public-house, though he did not want the ale, but he never went in there again.

As he was at work he kept on saying to himself, "Only three half-pence. Only three half-pence." At last he was obliged to take a piece of paper and a pencil and work out a sum on it. "Let me see," said he, "three half-pence a day! that is nine-pence every week, leaving out Sunday. There are fifty-two weeks in the year, and fifty-two nine-pences are thirty-nine shillings. Why, for thirty-nine shillings I could go to London and back, and stop there a week in the bargain. That is the last three half-pence that I shall spend in drinking ale."

In a few years Harry had saved enough of money to set up a shop of his own. He looked well after his business, kept a civil tongue, and always paid his debts. When he had saved a thousand pounds he borrowed another thousand, and bought a still larger shop. He soon repaid the money which he had borrowed, and now he is one of the richest tradesmen in the town in which he lives. What is more, he is one of the most charitable. The other day he gave a treat to all the children who go to his old school; and when poor Mary Sims's father was drowned at sea, Harry, without telling anybody about it, sent five pounds to the poor widow.

Tom Smith is much the same now as he was when a boy. Although he is a good workman, he is nearly always in debt. He earns good wages, but

he spends them as fast as he gets them. His wife and children are in rags, and if he were to fall ill or fail to get work, they would all be thrown on the parish.

Do not say, "What is the use of saving a penny?" Twelve pennies make a shilling, and twenty shillings make a pound. Money grows. The more you have the more you can make. And, though money in itself is a poor thing, and can never suffice to make you happy, yet it will help you to do many good actions that you could not do without it.

EDITOR.

Apprentice, a person who has agreed to serve a master in order to learn his trade.

Suffice, to be enough; e. g., a little suffices people who are not greedy.

LESSON LIII.

BINGEN * ON THE RHINE.

legion	ghastly	innocent	foreign
Algiers	truant	coquetry	confidingly
vineyard	merriment	echoing	chorus

A SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's
tears;

But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebb'd away,
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's hand,
And he said: "I never more shall see my own, my native
land;

Take a message and a token to some distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen—at Bingen on the Rhine.

* Bingen. Pronounced Bing-en, the ng being nasal.

“Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd
around,

To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely; and when the day was done,
Fully many a corpse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting sun.
And midst the dead and dying were some grown old in wars—
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many
scars;

But some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn decline;
And one had come from Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

“Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age,
And I was aye a truant bird, that thought his home a cage;
For my father was a soldier, and, even as a child,
My heart leap'd forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and
wild;

And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would, but kept my father's
sword;

And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used
to shine,

On the village wall at Bingen—calm Bingen on the Rhine!

“Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,
When the troops are marching home again, with glad and
gallant tread;

But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier too, and not afraid to die.

And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name

To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame;

And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword
and mine),

For the honour of old Bingen—dear Bingen on the Rhine!

“There's another—not a sister; in the happy days gone by,
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in
her eye;

Too innocent for coquetry—too fond for idle scorning!

O friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest
mourning!

Tell her the last night of my life (for ere this moon be risen
 My body will be out of pain—my soul be out of prison)
 I dream'd I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
 On the vine-clad hills of Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

“I saw the blue Rhine sweep along; I heard, or seem'd to hear,
 The German songs we used to sing in chorus sweet and clear;
 And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
 The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and
 still;
 And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we pass'd with friendly
 talk
 Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remember'd walk;
 And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine;
 But we'll meet no more at Bingen—loved Bingen on the
 Rhine!”

His voice grew faint and hoarser; his grasp was childish weak
 His eyes put on a dying look; he sigh'd, and ceased to speak.
 His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled.
 The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land—was dead!
 And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she look'd down
 On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses strown;
 Yea, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seem'd to
 shine,
 As it shone on distant Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

HON. MRS. NOBTON.

Legion, a large body of soldiers; e. g., a Roman legion contained
 between 4200 and 6000 men.

Ghastly, fearful to look at; e. g., it was a ghastly sight.

Coquetry, pretending to be in love; e. g., her coquetry was
 disgusting.

LESSON LIV.

HUMMING-BIRDS.

elegant	delicate	stationary	petal
brilliant	transparent	fibre	violence
species	accompany	furious	liberty
syrup	numerous	probable	imagine

Of all living creatures, says a great French writer, the humming-bird is the most elegant in form and



the most brilliant in colour. The gems and the metals that are polished by man's art are not to be compared with this jewel of nature. Though it is the smallest of birds, it is nature's masterpiece. She

has heaped on it all the gifts which she has only shared between other birds; lightness, swiftness, nimbleness, grace, and rich adornments, everything belongs to this little favourite. The emerald, the ruby, the topaz, glitter upon his robes; he never soils them with the dust of earth; he hardly ever touches the grass for a moment at a time; he is always in the air, flying from flower to flower; he has the freshness of the flowers as he has their splendour; he lives upon their nectar and dwells only in climates where flowers are always in bloom.

It is in the hottest parts of the New World that all the species of humming-birds are found. The Indians, struck by the brightness and fire which mark the colours of these brilliant birds, call them the rays, and sometimes the tresses, of the sun. The smaller species are less than the gad-fly in height, and than the drone in size. Their beak is a fine needle, and their tongue a slender thread; their little black eyes appear only two brilliant specks; the feathers of their wings are so delicate that they seem to be transparent. Their feet are so short and slender that you can scarcely see them; they make little use of them; they alight only to pass the night, and allow themselves during the day to be borne along unceasingly through the air; their flight is continuous, swift, and accompanied by a humming noise. The noise of their wings has been compared to a spinning weel. Hence the English name of these birds. The beating of their wings is so swift that, when poised in the air, they seem not only stationary but quite motionless. You may see one

stop thus some minutes before a flower, and shoot off like an arrow to go to another; he visits them all, plunging his little tongue into their bosom, without ever alighting, but also without ever quitting them.

His tongue is specially adapted to suck up the honey on which he lives. It is composed of two hollow fibres, forming a little canal, divided at the end by two threads; it is formed like a trunk, and serves the purpose of one; the bird darts it out from his beak, and plunges it to the very bottom of the flower in order to extract its sweets.

Nothing can equal the liveliness of these little birds, unless it be their courage or rather their boldness. You may see them furiously pursue birds twenty times their size, fasten on their body, and, allowing themselves to be carried away by their flight, peck at them again and again, until their little anger is satisfied. Sometimes they have very keen fights among themselves; they are very impatient; if they approach a flower and find it faded, they tear away its petals with a violence which shows their spite. They have no other voice than a little cry often repeated.

More than three hundred kinds of them have been described, the largest not being larger than our wren, and the smallest of them being smaller than some sorts of bees. Their nest is of the most delicate material, being made of moss on the outside, and lined with the softest down gathered from the silk-cotton tree. The nest of the smallest sort is not larger than half a walnut. The female never

lays more than two eggs. How small they are I leave you to imagine.

The following is an abridged account of an attempt to tame a humming-bird:—“One of my family caught a small humming-bird, which appeared quite weak from want of food. We presented it with some sugar and cream, which it sucked up with great eagerness, after which it was restored to liberty. In a short time it returned, was taken in the hand, and a mixture of sugar-syrup was poured into a honeysuckle, from which it eagerly extracted it. From that time forward it became quite friendly, and would come a dozen times a day, or more, to be fed. After fluttering a few seconds at the door or window to attract notice, it would alight on a neighbouring tree or bush until its food was prepared for it, and then, upon calling “peet, peet,” it would dart in a straight line, with the speed of an arrow, to receive it.”

“We generally filled two or three tubes of the honeysuckle with syrup, which it extracted while on the wing. Sometimes it did not appear satisfied, and would return to its resting-place and wait until the flowers were again filled, when, upon being called, it would return and finish its meal. But if, after flying to its perch, it wiped its bill upon the limb, we were thus assured it wanted no more that time.

“In the course of half an hour it would be back again after more food, and if the member of the family to whom he applied was engaged, and not ready to attend him, he would try over and over

again to excite his attention by flying into different apartments of the house and buzzing within a few inches of him.

“After he had visited us every day so frequently for three weeks, he disappeared; and, as the wild humming-birds, which were quite numerous before, disappeared about the same time, it is probable he accompanied them to more southern regions.”

Elegant, pleasing, graceful; e. g., an elegant vase stood on the table.

Species, kind; e. g., there are many species of butterflies.

Fibre, a thread; e. g., the fibres of this leaf are delicate.

Petal, a flower-leaf; e. g., the petals of the rose had all fallen.

LESSON LV.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

whitewashed	delicate	enshrined
bayonets	blue-veined	wafted
lingering	baptized	yearning

INTO a ward of the whitewashed halls,
 Where the dead and dying lay,
 Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls,
 Somebody's darling was borne one day—
 Somebody's darling, so young and so brave,
 Wearing yet on his pale sweet face,
 Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
 The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
 Kissing the snow of that fair young brow,
 Pale are the lips of delicate mould—
 Somebody's darling is dying now.

Back from his beautiful blue-veined brow
 Brush all the wandering waves of gold,
 Cross his hands on his bosom now,
 Somebody's darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once for somebody's sake,
 Murmur a prayer soft and low ;
 One bright curl from its fair mates take, '
 They were somebody's pride you know.
 Somebody's hand had rested there—
 Was it a mother's, soft and white?
 And have the lips of a sister fair
 Been baptized in the waves of light?

God knows best ; he has somebody's love,
 Somebody's heart enshrined him there,
 Somebody wafted his name above,
 Night and morn on the wings of prayer.
 Somebody wept when he marched away,
 Looking so handsome, brave, and grand ;
 Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
 Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's waiting and watching for him,
 Yearning to hold him again to their heart ;
 And there he lies with his blue eyes dim,
 And the smiling childlike lips apart.
 Tenderly bury the fair young head,
 Pausing to drop on his grave a tear ;
 Carve on the wooden slab at his head,
 "Somebody's darling slumbers here."

ANONYMOUS.

Baptized, dipped.

Enshrined, treasured as in a shrine.

Waft, blow gently ; e. g., the gentle breeze wafted us along.

Yearn, desire strongly ; e. g., he yearned to be in England again.

LESSON LVI.

NOTHING WITHOUT ITS USE.

manufacturer	disfigure	annoyance	general
tradition	beautiful	idiots	study
mosquito	pursuit	disguise	impatient

WE often say of certain things that they are of no use, and this may be true with regard to things made by man, but there is nothing useless in the world around us. The things which we call useless are, for the most part, things of which we do not know the use. What we call a weed is looked upon as useless until we find its value as a drug, and then we prize it. Many things which manufacturers used to throw away as of no value they now keep, and make large sums of money from.

The Jews have a tradition that King David was once lying upon his couch and watching a spider, when it occurred to him to ask himself, "What is the use of a spider? It only increases the dust and dirt in the world, and disfigures what is beautiful, and gives annoyance."

Then he thought of a person who had lost his mind, and he said, "How sad is the lot of a mad-man! I know that whatever God has made, He has made with some wise purpose, yet I cannot understand this. Why should some people be born idiots or become insane?"

Then a mosquito bit him, and he said, "Now, what can mosquitoes be good for? Why were they created? They only mar our happiness. Nobody

derives any profit from them." Yet King David lived to find out that one of these insects might be the means of saving his own life.

On one occasion he hid himself in a cave, and, after he had entered it, a spider spun a web over the entrance. When his enemies who were in pursuit of him came to the cave and saw the web at the opening, they said, "O, he cannot be here, for he could not have gone into the cave without breaking the web," and they went on their way, thereby allowing him to escape.

Once when he fled from Saul, he was taken prisoner by the Philistines and brought before the King of Gath; but he pretended to be a madman, and disguised himself so skilfully that the king could not believe it was King David and gave him his life.

On another occasion David entered the very camp of Saul in order to get possession of Saul's spear. As he was crawling on the ground in the tent, Abner, Saul's general, who was sleeping by his master's side, moved, and threw his leg across David's body. What was David to do? If he moved he would wake Abner, and be put to death; if he remained where he was he would be found out in the morning, and in that case also he would be put to death. He did not know what to do, and gave himself up as lost, when a mosquito pitched upon Abner's leg and bit it. The general naturally moved it at once, and so David was free to escape.

He now saw that everything that God has made is not without its use. So whenever you find some-

thing which you are inclined to despise as being of no value, say to yourself, "This is a useful thing, though its use has not yet been found out. But He who made it knows its use, and if I study it carefully and am not impatient I may, perhaps, find out its use."

EDITOR.

Tradition, a story handed down from father to son.

Mosquito, a kind of gnat that stings very badly.

Disfigure, to make ugly; e. g., the picture was much disfigured.

LESSON LVII.

THE ARAB AND HIS HORSE;

OR, ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

victory	Oriental	gnaw	exhausted
pacha	recognize	intelligent	fatigue
neigh	companion	completely	celebrate

AN Arab and his tribe had attacked in the desert the Damascus caravan; the victory was complete, and the Arabs were already engaged in loading their horses with the rich booty, when the horsemen of the Pacha of Acre, who was coming to meet the caravan, fell suddenly upon the victorious Arabs, killed a great number of them, made the others prisoners, and having fastened them with cords, led them to Acre to make a present of them to the pacha.

Abou, one of the tribe, received a bullet in his arm during the fight. As his wound was not mortal, the Turks tied him upon a camel, and having taken

possession of his horse, led away the horse and its owner.

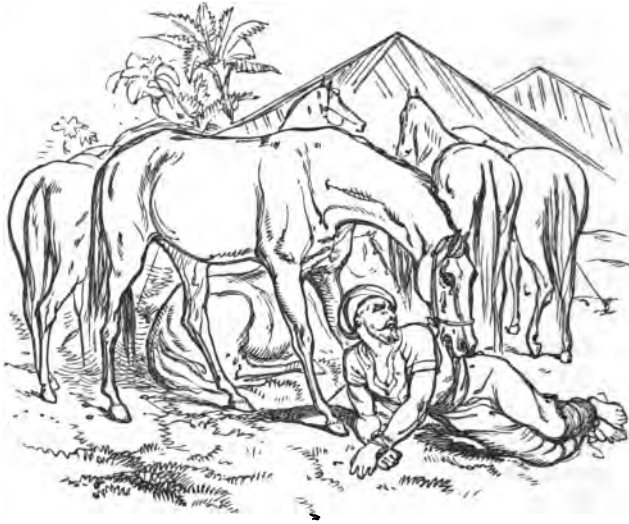
On the evening of the day when they were to enter Acre, they encamped with their prisoners in the mountains of Japhadu; the wounded Arab had his limbs bound together by a thong of leather, and lay stretched out near the tent where the Turks were sleeping.

During the night, being kept awake by the pain of his wound, he heard his horse neigh among the others that were fastened round the tent in Oriental fashion; he recognized its voice, and, not being able to resist the pleasure of going to speak once again to the companion of his life, he dragged himself with difficulty along the ground, by the aid of his hands and knees, and at last succeeded in reaching his steed.

“Poor friend,” said he to him, “what will you do among the Turks? You will be imprisoned under stone roofs with the horses of some pacha; the women and children will no more bring you camel’s milk, nor barley in the hollow of their hand; you will live no more in the desert, free as the wind of Egypt; you will no more cleave with your chest the waters of the Jordan, which used to freshen your coat till it was as white as their own foam! Though I am a slave you shall be free. Here, go, return to the tent which you know so well; go and tell my wife that her Abou will return no more, and put your head between the curtains to lick the hands of my little children.”

While saying this Abou had gnawed through, with

his teeth, the goat's-skin rope which is used to fasten Arab horses, and the animal was free ; but, seeing his master wounded and a prisoner at his feet, the faithful and intelligent creature understood at once that which no language could explain to him ; he



lowered his head, smelled his master, and seizing him with his teeth by the leathern girdle which he had round his body, he set off at a gallop and carried him off to his tent. On arriving, he threw down his master at the feet of his wife and children, and dropped down dead, having been completely exhausted by fatigue. The whole tribe bewailed his loss ; their poets celebrated him in their songs ; and

to this day his name is constantly in the mouth of the Arabs of Jericho.

From the French.

Caravan, a company travelling in the desert together.

Pacha, a Turkish governor.

Oriental, Eastern; e. g., tea-drinking is an Oriental custom.

Intelligent, quick to understand; e. g., he was highly intelligent.

Exhausted, worn out; e. g., he sank down exhausted.

Celebrate, make famous; e. g., they celebrated his good deeds.

LESSON LVIII.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

schooner	fitful	aghost	bosom
hawthorn	trampling	carded	frighted
veering	whooping	lantern	roughest
hurricane	icicle	scornful	corpse

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his daughter
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes, as the fairy flax,
Her cheek like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth;
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke, now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor,
Had sailed the Spanish Main,
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

“Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!”
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and colder blew the wind,
A gale from the north-east;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped a cable's length.

“Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale,
That ever wind did blow.”

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat,
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

“O father! I hear the church bells ring,
O say, what may it be?”
“'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!”
And he steered for the open sea.

“O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be?”
“Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!”

“O father! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be?”
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies ;
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On the fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands, and prayed
That saved she might be ;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the waves
On the lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between,
A sound came from the land ;
It was the sound of the trampling surf,
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck, where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks they gored her side,
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board ;
Like a vessel of glass she stove and sank,
Ho! ho! the breakers roared.

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
 The salt tears in her eyes;
 And he saw her hair like the brown sea-weed,
 On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
 In the midnight and the snow;
 Christ save us all from a death like this,
 On the reef of Norman's Woe!

LONGFELLOW.

Schooner, a vessel with two masts.

Skipper, the captain of a small vessel.

Hawthorn, a tree bearing white flowers, and very common in our hedges.

Veering, shifting; e. g., the wind veered from north to south.

Flaw, a gust of wind.

Main, sea. The Spanish Main is that part of the ocean which washes the shores of those parts of America which formerly belonged to Spain.

Hurricane, a violent wind.

Amain, with violence, mightily. Compare "with might and main."

Weather, ride through; e. g., the ship weathered the storm.

Fog-bell, a bell rung in fogs to warn ships that land is near.

Rock-bound, surrounded with rocks. The ship was lost on the rock-bound coast of Cornwall.

Lashed, tied; e. g., he was found on the shore lashed to a spar.

Stark has much the same meaning as stiff.

Sheeted, wrapped in a sheet.

Fitful, coming and going; e. g., we could hear fitful bursts of laughter.

Surf, that part of the sea which breaks upon the shore.

Breakers, great waves formed where the sea breaks over rocks.

Carded, combed; e. g., the white clouds looked like carded wool.

Shrouds, cordage; ropes extending from the head of a mast to the right and left sides of a ship.

By the board, over the side.

Aghast, terrified; e. g., he looked aghast at the sight.

Stove, past tense of **stave**, to burst inwards. Used of a ship, a barrel, and other hollow objects.

LESSON LIX.

THE DOG OF MONTARGIS.

jealous	inquiries	criminal	combatant
companion	immediately	innocence	desperate
opportunity	courtier	combat	request

THERE was once a gentleman in the service of the King of France, named Macaire, who, being jealous of the favours shown to one of his companions, made up his mind to kill him. He watched him for a long time, and at last finding a favourable opportunity whilst they were hunting in the forest of Bondy, slew him and buried him in the forest. The only witness of the crime was the dog of the murdered man, which would appear to have been muzzled, and so prevented from coming to the assistance of his poor master.

The dog remained watching by the ditch where his master was concealed, until hunger forced him to go to Paris to beg for food. It was observed by the friends of his master that, as soon as he had obtained some food, he regularly returned to the same spot in the forest, and that the earth at the spot seemed as though it had been lately disturbed. On digging they found the remains of the murdered man, but in spite of all inquiries, they could find no clue to the murderer.

One day the dog, who was now living with one of his master's friends, was passing by a number of gentlemen connected with the court, when all at once he sprang at the throat of one of them and tried

to tear him in pieces. The bystanders came to the gentleman's assistance, and beat the dog away, but the dog continually returned to the place where he had seen the gentleman and renewed his attacks upon him.

The conduct of the dog was so strange that people began to suspect that there must be good reason for it, and that Macaire must have had some share in the murder. The king hearing of what had occurred, ordered that Macaire should conceal himself among the rest of the courtiers, and that the dog should be brought into the room where he and his courtiers were assembled. The dog immediately discovered the gentleman, and flew at him as before.

The king then told Macaire of the suspicion that was afloat, but the criminal denied that he knew anything at all about the murder. These were days when criminal cases were often settled by combat between the contending parties. So it was agreed that the guilt or innocence of the suspected man should be settled by a combat between him and the dog.

The combatants met in a field in an island in the Seine, in the presence of the king and his court. The gentleman was armed with a huge club; the dog was left to defend himself with the weapons provided for him by nature. As soon as the dog was set free he flew at Macaire, who fought desperately for his life, and wielded his club with such effect that the dog had great difficulty in getting near him. By and by, however, the dog managed to seize him by his throat and dragged him down to the ground.

The murderer cried out for mercy, and promised that if the dog was removed, he would confess his crime. His request was granted, and thereupon he made a full confession of the crime which he had committed. Thus did a faithful dog bring the murderer of his master to justice, and secure his proper punishment.

EDITOR.

Opportunity, suitable time; e. g., he had no opportunity to do it.

Courtier, a person who attends the court of a prince.

Criminal, a person who has committed some crime.

Combatant, a person engaged in a combat; e. g., they separated the combatants.

Desperate, without hope; e. g., he was desperate and reckless.

LESSON LX.

THE ESQUIMAUX DOG.

Arctic	harness	protracted	particle
approach	attack	affectionate	stomach
experienced	quality	frequently	desirable
skeleton	construction	stratagem	sorrow

THIS useful dog is found all over the Arctic parts of North America, from Behring's Strait to Greenland. It is only about twenty-two inches high, and somewhat larger than an English pointer. Its fur is composed of an outer covering of coarse hair, three or four inches long, and an inner coating of short woolly hair, which thickens as winter approaches, and falls off towards summer. Its face is very like that of a wolf.

Harnessed in sledges, the Esquimaux dogs will

drag five or six persons at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour, and will perform journeys of sixty miles a day. These dogs are driven without bit or bridle, and are simply attached to the sledge by a leathern strap. The whole team follow the movements of an experienced leader, who knows his



master's voice and obeys it like a well-trained horse would. The crack of the whip is of great service in directing the dogs, but the whip itself is rarely applied to them. When a dog feels the lash he turns and attacks the dog nearest to him. The others join in the fight, and the whole team is thrown into confusion.

The Esquimaux are very hard and cruel masters, and half starve the creatures that serve them so faithfully. The poor dogs have been known, under the influence of long-protracted hunger, to devour their own leather harness, and even to fly at one another. It is not surprising that with such treatment they are only half tame. When treated with kindness they become gentle and affectionate. The Esquimaux women, who treat them with more kindness than the men, have great command over them, and can entice them to allow themselves to be yoked to the sledges even when they are suffering from the severest hunger.

An Arctic traveller says, "I have driven a team of nine dogs more than a hundred miles in a day and a night, and have frequently worked them hard for forty-eight hours, without being able to give them a particle of food. In general they are fed once a day, their allowance being a single dried fish, weighing perhaps a pound and a half or two pounds. This is given to them at night, so that they begin another day's work with empty stomachs. The sledge to which they are harnessed is about ten feet in length and two in width, made with seasoned birch timber, and combines to a surprising degree the two most desirable qualities of strength and lightness. It is simply a skeleton framework, fastened together with lashings of dried seal-skin, and mounted on broad curved runners. No iron whatever is used in its construction, and it does not weigh more than twenty pounds; yet it will sustain a load of four or five

hundred pounds, and endure the severest shocks of rough mountain travelling."

An able writer says of the Esquimaux dogs, that "they are even more valuable than the camel to the Arab, or the deer to the Laplander; for they are not only beasts of burden, but assistants in the chase. They carry loads, they draw the sledge; they also point out the seal's breathing hole under the unbroken snow, and track the bear or the reindeer. On more than one occasion, a clever dog brought safe home a traveller who had lost his way on the trackless ice; at another time the same dog followed up a wounded deer, killed him with the help of some comrades, cutting his throat with his teeth; and then, leaving the carcass untouched, returned for several miles to the ship, and teased his masters till he persuaded them to follow him, and recover the prey of which they had despaired. When Mr. Hall, his owner, first bought him, this dog, 'Barbekart' by name, proved his quality in a less honourable way. Mr. Hall had ranged his pack in a circle and fed them with dried fish, one to each at a time. Barbekart took his in due order, and then cunningly slipping out of his place when his master had passed on, forced his way in a little further on in the circle, to receive another; repeating the trick so often as to be fed three or four times while Mr. Hall made the circle once, securing at least three turns for one. When made aware, by being repeatedly passed over, that this stratagem was detected, he broke from the circle, and crouching at his owner's

feet, endeavoured to manifest his sorrow and obtain pardon.”

EDITOR.

Arctic, northern ; e. g., the Arctic pole, the Arctic region.

Experienced, practised ; e. g., he was an experienced climber.

Particle, a very small part ; e. g., he had not tasted a particle of food.

Stratagem, trick ; e. g., by this stratagem he escaped.

Protracted, long continued ; e. g., a protracted frost set in.

LESSON LXI.

BRAVE CHILDREN.

capable	heroic	allowance
engine	anxious	despair
example	breakfast	occupy
assistance	orphan	journey

A YOUNG child may be capable of doing brave deeds, and of suffering bravely. Let me give you two instances of brave children. Four children were once playing on the railway, near a station, when an engine and tender came up. One of these, a boy, at once ran towards the platform, and his example was followed by the elder sister. Looking back, however, she saw the other two children were in the greatest danger. Without a thought for her own safety, she returned to them, and drew them to her side, between the rails and the platform ; but, as the engine passed, the connecting rod struck her down, and she died in a few moments. The children whom she had so nobly protected escaped almost

unhurt. The name of this heroic little maiden was Margaret Wilson. And now for my other story.

In the year 1807 an old soldier, named George Green, his wife, and six little children, were living in a small mountain farm, not far from Grasmere, in Westmoreland. One winter day the father and mother went to a sale some miles away, leaving the house in charge of Agnes, the eldest daughter, who was only nine years old.

Towards evening snow fell thick and fast, and the children grew anxious about their parents. They listened and listened, but could not hear the sounds they were waiting for. At last Agnes put the two youngest to bed. The others sat up with her till twelve o'clock, when she heard them say their prayers, and put them to bed also.

When morning came the snow was still falling, and was fast blocking up doors and windows. The children were greatly distressed to find that their father and mother had not yet returned, but Agnes cheered them up with the thought, that, perhaps, they had found shelter somewhere, or had been prevented from setting out by the snow. She made them say their prayers, dressed them, and gave them their breakfast, and then set to work to do whatever she thought her mother would have done, had she been at home. She scalded the milk to prevent it from turning sour; she made some cakes; and, seeing that there was only a little flour in the house, she made up her mind to put all the children, except the baby, on short allowance.

Her next task was to get in some peat before the

snow had covered the peat-stack. Then, with the aid of her two little brothers, she managed to get some hay down from the loft for the cow. Hour after hour the children kept watching for their parents' return, but no footstep could they hear. Once more when night came Agnes put the little ones to bed, and sat up to watch with her little brothers. Again and again they thought they could hear the sounds they were longing for, but it was only the noise made by the wind. At last they all went to bed, but only to wake up in the morning and find the snow still falling.

This was the third day since their parents had left, and Agnes now began to despair. She gathered her little flock around the peat fire, and occupied them by making them say their prayers aloud in turns.

The fourth day came, and great was the delight of the children to find that the snow had at last ceased to fall. Agnes now made up her mind to set out for Grasmere, to inquire about her parents. It was a terrible journey for a child to enter on. At any moment she might have sunk into some deep hole and perished, but she was mercifully preserved and succeeded, at last, in reaching a house near Grasmere. The people of the house could give her no information of her father and mother, and in a short time the news had spread through the village that they were lost.

Sixty strong men speedily set out in search of them, but for five days no trace of them could be found. At last, with the assistance of dogs, the

mother was found dead, wrapped up in her husband's great coat. At the foot of a rock beneath her, the father was found, also dead.

After the funeral of the parents the farmers of the neighbourhood took charge of the poor little orphans. The story soon spread, and numbers of gifts were sent for them from all parts of England. You have, perhaps, read a story of "The Little French Mother." I think you will agree with me that noble Agnes Green deserved to be called a little mother too.

EDITOR.

Capable, having the power of; e. g., a child is not capable of judging what is best for it.

Example, something that is imitated; e. g., we ought to set a good example.

Heroic, brave; e. g., our soldiers have done heroic deeds.

Anxious, troubled; e. g., we are anxious about my brother's recovery.

Orphan, a child who has lost father or mother or both.

Despair, to give up hope; e. g., we ought never to despair.

Occupy, to engage; e. g., he was occupied in writing.

LESSON LXII.

THE MOTHER AND BABE IN THE SNOW.

pathless	bosom	fleecy
Almighty	traveller	answer

THE cold winds swept the mountain height,
 And pathless was the dreary wild,
 And 'mid the cheerless hours of night
 A mother wandered with her child;
 As through the drifting snow she pressed,
 The babe was sleeping on her breast.

And colder still the winds did blow,
And darker hours of night came on,
And deeper grew the drifts of snow—
Her limbs were chilled, her strength was gone;
“Almighty God!” she faintly said,
“O save my child when I am dead!”

She stripped her mantle from her breast,
And bared her bosom to the storm,
And round the child she wrapt the vest,
And smiled to think her babe was warm;
One kiss she gave, one tear she shed,
Then sank upon the snowy bed.

At dawn, a traveller, passing by,
Saw her beneath the fleecy veil;
The frost of death was in her eye,
Her cheek was cold, and hard, and pale;
He moved the robe from off the child—
The babe looked up and sweetly smiled.

Thus answered was the mother's prayer;
Thus saved the object of her care.

Drift, to shift position with the wind or tide; e.g., the snow was drifting before the wind.

Vest, garment. Compare vesture, invest.

Fleecy, light and thin, like a fleece of wool.

LESSON LXIII.

A RUNAWAY TIGER IN THE STREETS OF LONDON.

curious	spectator	assistance	shoulder
courage	extraordinary	confusion	distinguish
manage	situation	direction	partition

In the East end of London lives a dealer in wild animals, who has curious birds and beasts sent him

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from all parts of the world. Among other animals forwarded to him in a ship, which arrived at the London Docks, was a tiger. The den, in which it had been brought from India, was safely conveyed from the ship to the dealer's yard, but here the tiger managed to break through the boards, and get out into the street.

A little boy, of about nine years of age, who was playing in the street, never having seen a tiger before,



thought it was some large sort of dog, and walked up to it quite fearlessly. He soon found out his mistake, for the tiger seized him by the shoulder, and began to walk off with him, just as a cat might carry off a mouse, or a dog a rabbit.

The owner, with great courage, ran up and grasped

her by the skin of her neck, but the beast was too strong for him, and bolted off, dragging him along at her side, and all the time holding the terrified boy in her mouth. At last the man managed to trip the tiger and tumble her down. In an instant he threw himself on top of her and grasped her anew, in such a way as nearly to choke her.

You may imagine the terror of the spectators when they saw the tiger, man, and boy in such an extraordinary situation. Though nearly choked, the tiger still held the boy in her fangs. The man now got one of his assistants, who had come to the rescue, to bring a crow-bar and strike the tiger several severe blows on the nose. This had the effect of making her drop the child, who was at once carried off out of the way.

The next question was how to get her back. The man could not lead her like a dog, and he could not push her as he might push a sheep. He sent for some ropes, with which he intended to tie her in such a way that she could not run off again. Unfortunately the ropes became entangled, and, in the confusion, off she started once more.

This time, however, she turned back in the direction of the dealer's yard, from which she had escaped, and, curious to relate, sprang of her own accord into the den out of which she had broken loose. She was at once fastened in, and, I need not say, care was taken to prevent her escaping again. The little boy was not so much hurt as you might expect. The bite on the shoulder soon got well, and in about eight days had healed, but he did not so

readily get over the fright. For four hours after he was seized he could not speak a word.

The tiger was afterwards sold to the owner of a wild-beast show, and distinguished herself by breaking through the partition, which separated her den from the lion's, and attacking him. She flew at his throat, and in a few minutes had killed him.

Adapted from 'Curiosities of Natural History,' by Mr. F. Buckland.

Spectator, a looker-on; e. g., the spectators of the deed cheered.

Confusion, disorder; e. g., the school was thrown into confusion.

Distinguish, make remarkable; e. g., the soldier distinguished himself in the battle.

Partition, a thin wall, separating two rooms.

LESSON LXIV.

GOOD MANNERS.

polite	enjoyment	strangers	absence
request	honour	especially	sympathy
grateful	civil	reverence	occasion

EVERYBODY likes a well-mannered boy, but nobody likes a coarse, rude, vulgar boy.

Now, if you wish to have good manners, you must think about other people as well as yourself. You must not needlessly hurt their feelings in any way; you must show them respect, and you must think of their pleasure as well as your own.

The best place for learning good manners is home. Always be kind and polite to your parents, and brothers and sisters. When you ask for anything

be sure you say "Please." Please is a little word, but it makes a good many requests sound pleasant that, without it, would sound harsh.

Always say "Thank you," when anybody gives you something or does something for you. Even a dog looks pleased and wags his tail when you give him something; surely a little boy ought not to be less polite than a dog.

When you are with a number of other persons, be sure that you do not push before them. If you are going to see some sight, put those who are shorter than you in front. If there are not enough chairs for all of you, wait until your seniors are seated before you sit down yourself. If you have something given you, see whether those around you have any of it, and if not, offer them a part of yours.

When you meet persons whom you ought to honour and respect, make a bow to them or touch your cap. Be very civil to all strangers. If they ask you the way to some place, do not be content with telling them, but, if you have the time, go with them, or put them in the way.

If you are walking with persons older than yourself, keep on the outside of the path, so that they may not be pushed into the road.

Be very kind to all persons who are weak and helpless, and especially to women and girls. If you see them carrying a heavy load, show your manhood by offering to help them. If they drop something, pick it up for them. Every boy who loves his mother ought to be kind to all other women for her sake.

Some boys seem as if they could say only "yes" or "no" when they are spoken to. Always say, "Yes, Sir," or "No, Sir;" "Yes, Ma'am," or "No, Ma'am."

When you go into a house, whether it is your own home or not, take off your cap at once; and do not put it on again until you leave the house.

At meals, wait patiently for your turn to be served, and eat quietly. Never drink when you have food in your mouth, and never fill your mouth too full.

Do not try to speak when other persons are speaking, and if you have occasion to correct something said by them, do it politely. People often fall into a mistake without intending to tell a falsehood.

The best way to learn good manners is to watch what well-mannered people say and do, and to try to be kind and unselfish. If your heart is right, it is almost sure to tell you what to say and do. But if you have no love in your heart, your manners may be outwardly polite, but they will not be truly good. It is only good people who are truly polite. Bows and scrapes and fine words cannot make up for the absence of love and sympathy, and respect and reverence.

EDITOR.

Polite, polished in manners; e. g., be polite at home as well as abroad.

Request, entreaty, prayer; e. g., I granted him his request.

Seniors, elders; e. g., we ought to respect the opinions of our seniors.

Reverence, respect, honour; e. g., we ought to show reverence to the old.

Sympathy, a feeling with a person in suffering; e. g., I shall never forget his sympathy with me when I was in trouble.

LESSON LXV.

THE BOYS AND THE ROBINS.

remarkable	occur	mischievous	neighbouring
circumstance	insect	venture	unconcerned
natural	re-assemble	unmolested	interest
history	attendance	apparently	hospitable

“ A REMARKABLE circumstance in natural history has lately occurred in Miss Sparrow’s schools, in the village of Colwich, Staffordshire. During the holidays in Easter-week, one of the windows of the boys’ school being open, a robin flew in and built her nest between two parcels of books on a shelf, which any of the boys could reach. On the re-assembling of the school, the nest was shown to the boys, and it was put to their good-feeling that the bird should be allowed to lay her eggs and hatch them in peace; and for this purpose the window by which she entered was still left open, so that she might come and go as she pleased. There are more than one hundred boys on the books, and nearly that number in daily attendance, so that the fate of the poor bird seemed to hang upon a very slender thread, as one mischievous hand would have been enough to destroy all her hopes. To the great credit, however, of the boys, not one has been found untrue to the pledge which they all gave, and she has been allowed for five weeks to fly in and out unmolested—to lay her eggs, and hatch her young, and at last to take them all off in safety.

Whilst the boys have been at work or at play, or even when singing at morning prayers, the bird has

been going in and out, apparently quite unconcerned, fetching worms for her chicks, or sometimes sitting at the open window watching the scholars, if not joining in their song. Her mate seldom, if ever, ventured into the room, but constantly brought insects to the window, or to a neighbouring tree, which she fetched away to her brood as fast as he supplied them. Monday (May 21st, 1860), being strong enough on the wing to be safely trusted out (though not able to fly up to the high window at which the dam entered), the young birds were caught and allowed to fly into the neighbouring bushes. Till then it had not been observed that there were more than four of them, but after four had been caught and sent out, the mother still kept flying in and about the room as if in search of something. At length a chirp was heard on the floor, and there a fifth chick was found, which was caught and put through the window to the rest, to the great and unmistakable delight of the mother who flew to welcome it with joy, apparently proving beyond a doubt that the anxious parent could count her flock and miss one if absent. Since then she has returned to the room no more. It will be a matter of interest to see whether another year she will seek again the quarters where she has met with such hospitable treatment.”

Staffordshire Advertiser.

Unmolested.—Undisturbed; e. g., the enemy left us unmolested.

Apparently.—Seemingly; e. g., he was apparently nine or ten years of age.

Unconcerned.—Unmoved; e. g., he looked as unconcerned as if he were a perfect stranger.

